

THE  
ODYSSEY  
OF  
HOMER,



TRANSLATED BY A. POPE,

A NEW EDITION.

---

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

---

VOLUME V.

---

London:

PRINTED FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY,

*By T. BENNETT, Bolt Court;*

AND SOLD BY J. AND A. ARCH, CORNHILL, AND  
E. LLOYD, HARLEY STREET.

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BY THE PROPERTY OF THE  
HOME DEPT.  
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

THE  
SEVENTEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

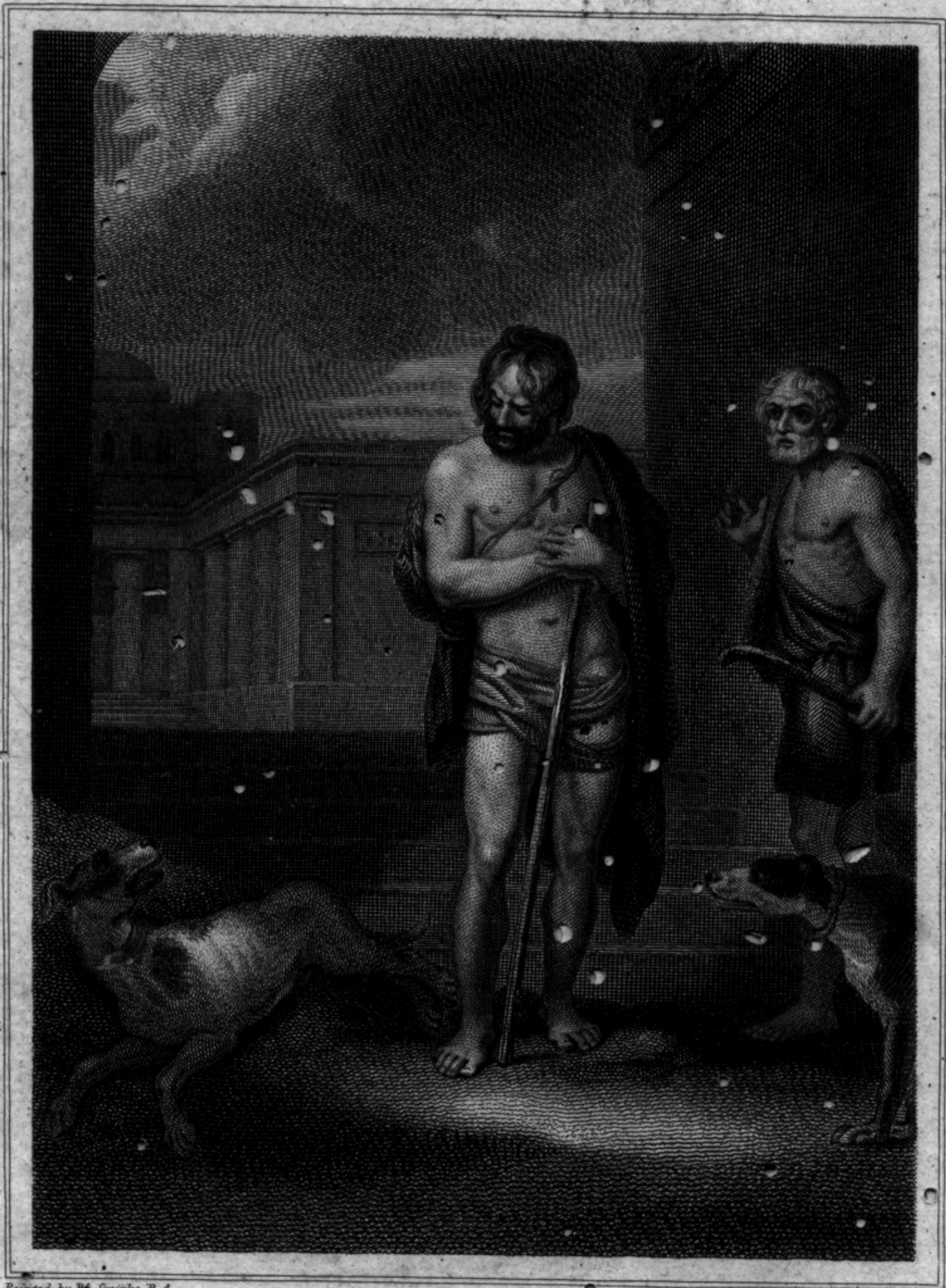


## THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace: where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.







*Painted by R. Smirke R.A.*

*Engraved by Jas. Stow.*

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THE PROPERTY OF  
**HOME DEPT.**  
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA



**BOOK XVII.**

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn,  
In haste the prince arose, prepar'd to part;  
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;  
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,      5  
And thus he greets the master of the swine:  
    My friend, adieu: let this short stay suffice;  
I haste to meet my-mother's longing eyes,  
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs.  
But thou attentive, what we order heed:      10  
This hapless stranger to the city lead;  
By public bounty let him there be fed,  
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.  
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,  
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.      15  
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,  
The pain of anger punishes the fault.  
The very truth I undisguis'd declare;  
For what so easy as to be sincere?

To this Ulysses: What the prince requires, 20  
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.

To want like mine, the peopled town can yield  
More hopes of comfort, than the lonely field.

Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,  
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands. 25

Adieu!—but since this ragged garb can bear  
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,

A few hours' space permit me here to stay:

My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,  
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.

Thus he:—nor aught Telemachus replied, 31  
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:

Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breast elate,  
Revolving deep the suitors' sudden fate.

Arriving now before th' imperial hall, 35

He props his spear against the pillar'd wall:

Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;

The marble pavement with his step resounds.

His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads

With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds: 40

She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,

And reach'd her master with a long embrace.

All crowded round: the family appears

With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.

Swift from above descends the royal fair; 45  
 (Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,  
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air)  
 Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;  
 Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:  
 Few words she spoke, though much she had to say;  
 And scarce those few, for tears, could force their  
 way. 51

Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd for joy!  
 Has heav'n from Pylus brought my lovely boy?  
 So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou  
 known

Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own. 55

O dearest, most rever'd of womankind;  
 Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind  
 (Replied the prince); nor be our fates deplor'd,  
 From death and treason to thy arms restor'd. 59  
 Go bathe, and rob'd in white, ascend the tow'rs;  
 With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal pow'rs;  
 To ev'ry god vow hecatombs to bleed,  
 And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed:  
 While to th' assembled council I repair;  
 A stranger sent by heav'n attends me there; 65  
 My new-accepted guest I haste to find,  
 Now to Piræus' honour'd charge consign'd.

The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.  
 She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train,  
 To ev'ry god vow'd hecatombs to bleed, 70  
 And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.  
 Arm'd with his lance the prince then pass'd the  
 gate;

Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await:  
 Pallas his form with grace divine improves;  
 The gazing crowd admires him as he moves. 75  
 Him, gath'ring round, the haughty suitors greet  
 With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.  
 Their false addresses gen'rous he denied;  
 Pass'd on, and sat by faithful Mentor's side;  
 With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage 80  
 (His father's counsellors, rever'd for age).  
 Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,  
 Much ask'd the seniors; till Piræus came.  
 The stranger-guest pursu'd him close behind;  
 Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd. 85  
 He (when Piræus ask'd for slaves to bring  
 The gifts and treasures of the Spartan king)  
 Thus thoughtful answer'd: Those we shall not  
 move:

Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove,

We know not yet the full event of all: 90  
 Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,  
 Us and our house if treason must o'erthrow,  
 Better a friend possess them, than a foe:  
 If death to these, and vengeance, heav'n decree,  
 Riches are welcome then, not else, to me. 95  
 Till then, retain the gifts.—The hero said,  
 And in his hand the willing stranger led.  
 Then disarray'd, the shining bath they sought,  
 (With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble  
 wrought.

Obedient handmaids with assistant toil 100  
 Supply the limpid wave and fragrant oil:  
 Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,  
 And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew.  
 The golden ew'r a nymph attendant brings, 104  
 Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs;  
 With copious streams that golden ew'r supplies  
 A silver laver of capacious size.  
 They wash: the table, in fair order spread,  
 Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.  
 Full opposite, before the folding gate, 110  
 The pensive mother sits in humble state.  
 Lowly she sat, and with dejected view  
 The fleecy threads her iv'ry fingers drew.



The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,  
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceast. 115

When thus the queen:—My son! my only  
friend!

Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend?  
(The couch deserted now a length of years,  
The couch for ever water'd with my tears)  
Say wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew 120  
Return, and riot shake our walls a new),  
Say wilt thou not the least account afford?  
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?

To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plains,  
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.  
All arts of tenderness to him are known, 126  
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own;  
No father with a fonder grasp of joy  
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.  
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe, 130  
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath:  
For further search, his rapid steeds transport  
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.  
There Argive Helen I beheld; whose charms  
(So heav'n decreed) engag'd the great in arms. 135  
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;  
And still his words live perfect in my mind:

Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train  
 An absent hero's nuptial joys profane?  
 So with her young, amid the woodland shades,  
 A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades, 141  
 Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,  
 And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;  
 Meantime returning, with remorseless sway  
 The monarch savage rends the panting prey. 145  
 With equal fury, and with equal fame,  
 Shall great Ulysses reassert his claim:  
 O Jove! supreme! whom men and gods revere;  
 And thou, whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!  
 With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid 150  
 The chief adopted by the martial maid!  
 Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,  
 As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,  
 His prowess Philomelides confest,  
 And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor blest. 155  
 Then soon th' invaders of his bed, and throne,  
 Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.  
 Now what you question of my ancient friend,  
 With truth I answer:—thou the truth attend.  
 Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate, 160  
 Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate

Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,  
 The sad survivor of his num'rous train,  
 Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms,  
 And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms. 165  
 No sailors there, no vessels to convey,  
 Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way—  
 This told Atrides, and he told no more.  
 Then safe I voyag'd to my native shore.

He ceas'd;—nor made the pensive queen reply,  
 But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh. 171  
 When Theoclymenus the seer began:  
 O suff'ring consort of the suff'ring man!  
 What human knowledge could, those kings might  
 tell;

But I the secrets of high heav'n reveal. 175  
 Before the first of gods be this declar'd:  
 Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd;  
 Witness the genial rites, and witness all  
 This house holds secret in her ample wall!  
 E'en now, this instant, great Ulysses laid 180  
 At rest, or wand'ring in his country's shade,  
 Their guilty deeds, in hearing and in view  
 Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.  
 Of this sure auguries the gods bestow'd,  
 When first our vessel anchor'd in your road. 185

Succeed those omens, heav'n! (the queen re-  
join'd)

So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;  
And ev'ry envied happiness attend  
The man who calls Penelope his friend.

Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court  
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort. 191  
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art  
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.

Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive;  
And from the field the victim flocks they drive.  
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them best,  
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)  
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play,  
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay  
Their garments, and succinct the victim slay.  
Then sheep and goats and bristly porkers bled,  
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.

While thus the copious banquet they provide;  
Along the road, conversing side by side,  
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain: 205  
When thus Eumæus, gen'rous and humane:

To town, observant of our lord's behest,  
Now let us speed; my friend, no more my guest!

Yet like myself I wish'd thee here preferr'd,  
 Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd. 210  
 But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;  
 The wrath of princes ever is severe.

Then heed his will, and be our journey made  
 While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,  
 Or ere brown ev'ning spreads her chilly shade.

Just thy advice (the prudent chief rejoin'd),  
 And such as suits the dictate of my mind.  
 Lead on:—but help me to some staff to stay  
 My feeble step,—since rugged is the way.

Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung,  
 Wide patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.  
 A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way  
 Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers stay.  
 These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)  
 Supply his absence, and attend the herd. 225  
 And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes;  
 Alas! how chang'd! a man of miseries!  
 Propt on a staff, a beggar old and bare,  
 In rags dishonest flutt'ring with the air!  
 Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down  
 The cavern'd way descending to the town, 231  
 Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distils  
 A limpid fount; that, spread in parting rills,

Its current thence to serve the city brings:  
 An useful work! adorn'd by ancient kings. 235  
 Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor there  
 In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care;  
 In marble urns receiv'd it from above,  
 And shaded with a green surrounding grove;  
 Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd, 240  
 Drink the cold stream, and tremble to the wind.

Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen  
 A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;  
 Where constant vows by travellers are paid,  
 And holy horrors solemnize the shade. 245

Here with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,  
 But pamper'd luxury), Melanthius came;  
 Two grooms attend him. With an envious look  
 He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke:

The good old proverb how this pair fulfil! 250  
 One rogue is usher to another still.  
 Heav'n with a secret principle endu'd  
 Mankind, to seek their own similitude.  
 Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd  
 guest?

That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast! 255  
 Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,  
 From ev'ry great man's gate repuls'd with scorn:

'To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain;  
 'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.  
 To beg, than work, he better understands; 260  
 Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.  
 For any office could the slave be good,  
 To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food,  
 If any labour those big joints could learn,  
 Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.  
 To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread, 266  
 Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.  
 Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare  
 Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:  
 Dearly, full dearly shalt thou buy thy bread, 270  
 With many a footstool thund'ring at thy head.

He thus:—nor insolent of word alone,  
 Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;  
 Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he, like a pillar stood,  
 Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road;  
 Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead, 276  
 Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.  
 Short was that doubt:—to quell his rage inur'd,  
 The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd.  
 But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd 280  
 His hands obtesting, and this pray'r conceiv'd:

Daughters of Jove! who from th' ethereal bow'rs  
 Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flow'rs!  
 Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names  
 Our rural victims mount in blazing flames! 285  
 To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd  
 The yearly firstlings of his flock, and herd;  
 Succeed my wish; your votary restore!  
 O, be some god his convoy to our shore!  
 Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,  
 And humble all his airs of insolence,  
 Who proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,  
 Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.

What mutters he? (Melanthius sharp rejoins)  
 This crafty miscreant big with dark designs? 295  
 The day shall come—nay, 'tis already near,—  
 When (slaye!) to sell thee at a price too dear,  
 Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,  
 (A load and scandal to this happy shore.)  
 Oh! that as surely great Apollo's dart, 300  
 Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart  
 Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour  
 In lasting safety from the father's pow'r.

So spoke the wretch; but shunning farther fray,  
 Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.



Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd, 306  
 Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;  
 Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,  
 He took his place: and plenty heap'd the board.

Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,  
 Sweet airs ascend, and heav'nly minstrelsy; 311  
 (For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the strain)  
 Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain:

Well may this palace admiration claim,  
 Great, and respondent to the master's fame! 315  
 Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,  
 Ho'ds the chief honours and the town commands:  
 High walls and battlements the courts inclose,  
 And the strong gates defy a host of foes.  
 Far other cares its dwellers now employ; 320  
 The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:  
 I see the smoke of sacrifice aspire,  
 And hear (what graces ev'ry feast) the lyre.

Then thus Eumæus:—Judge we which were  
 best;

Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest 325  
 Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?  
 Or I first ent'ring introduce the way?  
 Wait for a space without; but wait not long.  
 This is the house of violence and wrong:



Some rude insult thy rev'rend age may bear; 330  
 For like their lawless lords, the servants are.

Just is, O friend! thy caution, and address'd  
 (Reply'd the chief) to no unheedful breast:  
 The wrongs and injuries of base mankind  
 Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind. 335  
 The bravely-patient to no fortune yields.  
 On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,  
 Storms have I past, and many a stern debate;  
 And now in humbler scene submit to fate.  
 What cannot want? the best she will expose; 340  
 And I am learn'd in all her train of woes.  
 She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms,  
 The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!  
 Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,  
 Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew; 345  
 He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,  
 Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head!—  
 Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board;  
 But ah! not fated long to please his lord!  
 To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;  
 The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main. 351  
 Till then in ev'ry silvan chace renown'd,  
 With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;

With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,  
Or trac'd the mazy lev'ret o'er the lawn. 355

Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,  
'Unhous'd, neglected, in the public way;  
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,  
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord:—he knew, and strove to  
meet; 360

(In vain he strove) to crawl, and kiss his feet;  
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,  
Salute his master, and confess his joys.  
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul:  
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole; 365  
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dried  
The drop humane:—then thus impassion'd cried;

What noble beast in this abandon'd state  
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate!  
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise; 470  
If, as he seems, he was in better days,  
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd  
For worthless beauty! therefore now despis'd?  
Such dogs, and men, there are; mere things of state,  
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.

Not Argus so (Eumæus thus rejoin'd); 376  
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind:

Who never, never shall behold him more!  
 Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!  
 O had you seen him, vig'rous, bold, and young,  
 Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong!  
 Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,  
 None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;  
 His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,  
 To wind the vapour in the tainted dew! 385  
 Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;  
 Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!  
 The women keep the gen'rous creature bare;  
 A sleek and idle race is all their care;  
 The master gone, the servants what restrains? 390  
 Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?  
 Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day  
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:  
 The musing monarch pauses at the door; 395  
 The dog, whom fate had granted to behold  
 His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,  
 Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies;  
 So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

And now Telemachus, the first of all, 400  
 Observ'd Eumæus ent'ring in the hall:

Distant he saw, across the shady dome ;  
 Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come.  
 There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd,  
 'In order due, the steward of the feast; 405  
 (Who now was busied carving round the board)  
 Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.

Before him instant was the banquet spread,  
 And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.  
 Next came Ulysses, lowly at the door, 410  
 A figure despicable, old, and poor,  
 In squalid vest with many a gaping rent,  
 Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.  
 Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,  
 Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight; 415  
 (Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plain)  
 The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain.

These viands, and this bread, Eumæus, bear,  
 And let yon mendicant our plenty share:  
 Then let him circle round the suitors' board, 420  
 And try the bounty of each gracious lord.  
 'Bold let him ask, encourag'd thus by me;  
 How ill, alas! do want and shame agree?

His lord's command the faithful servant bears;  
 The seeming beggar answers with his pray'rs. 425

Bless'd be Telemachus! in ev'ry deed  
 Inspire him Jove! in ev'ry wish succeed!  
 This said, the portion from his son convey'd,  
 With smiles receiving, on his scrip he laid.  
 Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire, 430  
 He fed; and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.  
 Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,  
 Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes,  
 To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,  
 And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart;  
 (Not but his soul, resentful as humane, 436  
 Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train)  
 With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,  
 Humble he moves, imploring all around.  
 The proud feel pity, and relief bestow, 440  
 With such an image touch'd of human woe;  
 Enquiring all, their wonder they confess,  
 And eye the man, majestic in distress.

While thus they gaze and question with their  
 eyes,

The bold Melanthius to their thought replies. 445  
 My lords! this stranger of gigantic port  
 The good Eumæus usher'd to your court,  
 Full well I mark'd the features of his face,  
 Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.

And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?  
 Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?  
 (Returns Antinous with retorted eye)  
 Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.  
 Enough of these our court already grace;  
 Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face. 455  
 Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,  
 To share our feast, and lead the life of kings!  
 To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:  
 Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.  
 Who calls, from distant nations to his own, 460  
 The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?  
 Round the wide world are sought those men divine  
 Who public structures raise, or who design;  
 Those to whose eyes the gods their ways reveal,  
 Or bless with salutary arts to heal; 465  
 But chief to poets such respect belongs;  
 By rival nations courted for their songs:  
 These states invite, and mighty kings admire,  
 Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.  
 "It is not so with want!—how few that feed 470  
 A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?  
 Unjust to me and all that serve the state,  
 To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.

For me, suffice the approbation won  
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son. 475

To him Telemachus:—No more incense  
The man by nature prone to insolence:  
Injurious minds just answers but provoke—  
Then turning to Antinous, thus he spoke: 479

Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command  
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.

Heav'n bless its owner with a better mind!

From envy free, to charity inclin'd.

This both Penelope and I afford:

Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.

To give another's is thy hand so slow? 486

So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?

Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?  
(Antinous cries with insolent disdain)

Portions like mine if e'ry suitor gave, 490

Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the  
slave.

He spoke; and lifting high above the board  
His pond'rous footstool, shook it at his lord.

The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread:

He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped; 495

But first before Antinous stopp'd, and said:



Bestow, my friend! — thou dost not seem the worst  
 Of all the Greeks, but princelike and the first:  
 Then as in dignity, be first in worth;                    499  
 And I shall praise thee thro' the boundless earth.  
 Once I enjoy'd, in luxury of state,  
 Whate'er gives man the envied name of great.  
 Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days:  
 And hospitality was then my praise;  
 In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,                    505  
 And poverty stood smiling in my sight.  
 But Jove, all-governing, whose only will  
 Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,  
 Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)  
 With roving pirates o'er th' Egyptian main:                    510  
 By Egypt's silver flood our ships we moor:  
 Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;  
 But impotent of mind, with lawless will  
 The country ravage, and the natives kill.  
 The spreading clamour to their city flies,                    515  
 And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:  
 The red'ning dawn reveals the hostile fields  
 Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:  
 Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head  
 We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread  
 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.

Some few the foes in servitude detain;  
 Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!  
 Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard;  
 And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord: 525  
 Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer;  
 Still curst by fortune, and insulted here!

To whom Antinous thus his rage exprest:—  
 What god has plagu'd us with this gormand guest?  
 Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,  
 Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind, 531  
 Another Egypt, shalt thou quickly find.  
 From all thou beg'st, a bold audacious slave;  
 Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.  
 Nor wonder I at such profusion shown:— 535  
 Shameless they give, who give what's not their  
 own.

The chief, retiring:—Souls like that in thee,  
 Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.  
 Nor will that hand to utmost need afford  
 The smallest portion of a wasteful board, 540  
 Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps:—  
 Yet, starving want, amidst the riot, weeps.

The haughty suitor with resentment burns;  
 And sourly smiling, this reply returns:

Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng :  
 And dumb for ever be thy sland'rous tongue ! 546  
 He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.  
 His shoulder-blade receiv'd the ungentle shock :  
 He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock ;  
 But shook his thoughtful head : nor more com-  
     plain'd ; 550  
 Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,  
 And inly form'd revenge : then back withdrew ;  
 Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he threw,  
 And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew :  
 ' May what I speak your princely minds approve,  
 Ye peers and rivals in this noble love ! 556  
 Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.  
 If, when the sword our country's quarrel draws,  
 Or if defending what is justly dear,  
 From Mars impartial some broad wound we bear ;  
 The gen'rous motive dignifies the scar. 561  
 But for mere want, how hard to suffer wrong ?  
 Want brings enough of other ills along !  
 Yet if injustice never be secure,  
 If fiends revenge, and gods assert the poor, 565  
 Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,  
 And make the dust Antinous' bridal bed.

Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without of-  
fence,

(The suitor cried) or force shall drag thee hence,  
Scourge thro' the public street, and cast thee there,  
A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear. 571

His furious deed the gen'ral anger mov'd:  
All, e'en the worst, condemn'd; and some reprov'd.  
Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?  
- Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound. 575  
Unbless'd thy hand!—if in this low disguise  
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;  
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign  
In forms like these, to round the earth and main,  
Just and unjust recording in their mind, 580  
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

Telemachus absorpt in thought severe,  
Nourish'd deep anguish, though he shed no tear;  
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:  
While thus his mother to her virgins spoke: 585  
'On him and his may the bright god of day  
That base inhospitable blow repay!  
- The nurse replies: 'If Jove receives my pray'r,  
Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air.'

All, all are foes, and mischief is their end; 590  
Antinous most to gloomy death a friend

(Replies the queen): the stranger begg'd their  
grace,

And melting pity soften'd ev'ry face;

From ev'ry other hand redress he found,

But fell Antinous answer'd with a wound. 595

Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen:

Then bad Eumæus call the pilgrim in.—

Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear;

If or his certain eye, or list'ning ear, 599

Have learn'd the fortunes of my wand'ring lord.

Thus she;—and good Eumæus took the word:

A private audience if thy grace impart,

The stranger's words may ease the royal heart.

His sacred eloquence in balm distils, 604

And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.

Three days have spent their beams, three nights

have run

Their silent journey, since his tale begun,

Unfinish'd yet; and yet I thirst to hear!

As when some heav'n-taught poet charms the ear,

(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain, 610

Breath'd from the gods to soften human pain)

Time steals away with unregarded wing,

And the soul hears him, though he cease to sing.

Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground,  
 (His father's guest) for Minos' birth renown'd. 615  
 He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,  
 With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's shore.

To this the queen: The wand'rer let me hear,  
 While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,  
 Devour the grazing ox and browsing goat, 620  
 And turn my gen'rous vintage down their  
 throat.

For where's an arm like thine, Ulysses! strong,  
 To curb wild riot and to punish wrong?

She spoke:—Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;  
 Constrain'd; his nostril echo'd thro' the crowd.  
 The smiling queen the happy omen bless'd: 626  
 'So may these impious fall, by fate oppress!'  
 Then to Eumæus: Bring the stranger; fly!  
 And if my questions meet a true reply,  
 Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire; 630  
 A gift in season which his wants require.

Thus spake Penelope. Eumæus flies  
 In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries:  
 The queen invites thee, venerable guest!  
 A secret instinct moves her troubled breast, 635  
 Of her long absent lord from thee to gain  
 Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.

If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind  
 Of decent robes a present has design'd:  
 So finding favour in the royal eye, 640  
 Thy other wants her subjects shall supply.

Fair truth alone (the patient man replied)  
 My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.  
 To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,  
 In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n. 645  
 Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear  
 I stand:—the hand of violence is here:  
 Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,  
 And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.  
 Let for a space the pensive queen attend, 650  
 Nor claim my story till the sun descend;  
 Then in such robes as suppliants may require,  
 Compos'd and cheerful by the genial fire,  
 When loud uproar and lawless riot cease, 654  
 Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.

Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain:  
 And say (she cries), does fear, or shame, detain  
 The cautious stranger? With the begging kind  
 Shame suits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:

He only asks a more propitious hour, 660  
 And shuns (who would not?) wicked men-in pow'r;  
 At ev'ning mild (meet season to confer)  
 By turns to question, and by turns to hear.

Whoe'er this guest (the prudent queen replies),  
 His ev'ry step and ev'ry thought is wise. 665  
 For men, like these, on earth he shall not find  
 In all the mīscreeant race of humankind.

Thus she. Eumæus all her words attends,  
 And, parting, to the suitor-pow'rs descends:  
 There seeks Telemachus; and thus apart 670  
 In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart:

The time, my lord, invites me to repair.  
 Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.  
 These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;  
 O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake! 675

Thanks to my friend, he cries: but now the hour  
 Of night draws on; go, seek the rural bow'r:  
 But first refresh: and at the dawn of day  
 Hither a victim to the gods convey.  
 Our life to heav'n's immortal pow'rs we trust: 680  
 Safe in their care; for heav'n protects the just.

Observant of his voice, Eumæus sat  
 And fed recumbent on a chair of state.  
 Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along,  
 'Twas riot all amid the suitor-throng: 685  
 They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song,  
 Till now-declining tow'rd the close of day,  
 The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.



## SELECT NOTES

TO

### BOOK XVII.

V. 8. *I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes.*] There are two reasons for the return of Telemachus: one, the duty a son owes to his mother; the other, to find an opportunity to put in execution the designs concerted with Ulysses: the poet therefore shifts the scene from the lodge to the palace. Telemachus takes not Ulysses along with him, for fear he should raise suspicion in the suitors, that a person in a beggar's garb has some secret merit, to obtain the familiarity of a king's son, and this might be an occasion of a discovery: whereas when Ulysses afterwards appears amongst the suitors, he is thought to be an entire stranger to Telemachus, which prevents all jealousy, and gives them an opportunity to carry on their measures, without any particular observation. Besides, Eumæus is still to be kept in ignorance concerning the person of Ulysses. Telemachus therefore gives him a plausible reason for his return; namely, that his mother may no longer be in pain for his safety: this likewise excellently contributes to deceive Eumæus. Now as the presence of Ulysses in the palace is absolutely necessary to bring about the suitors' destruction, Telemachus orders Eumæus to conduct him thither; and by this method he comes as the friend and guest of Eumæus, not of Telemachus. Moreover, this injunction was necessary. Eumæus was a person of such generosity, that he would have thought himself obliged to detain his guest under his own care and inspection: nay, before he guides him towards the palace, in the sequel of this book, he tells Ulysses he does it solely in compliance with the order of Telemachus, and acts contrary to his own inclinations.

V. 14. *To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,  
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.*]

This might appear too free a declaration, if Telemachus had made

it before he knew Ulysses; for no circumstance could justify him for using any disregard toward the poor and stranger, according to the strict notions and the sanctity of the laws of hospitality amongst the ancients. But as the case stands, we are not in the least shocked at the words of Telemachus: we know the reason why he thus speaks; it is to conceal Ulysses. He is so far from shewing any particular regard to him, that he treats him with a severity in some degree contrary to the laws of hospitality, by adding, that if he complains of this hard usage, the complaint will not redress but increase his calamity.

V. 46. *Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,  
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.]*

This description presents us with a noble idea of the beauty and chastity of Penelope: 'her person resembles Venus, but Venus with the modest air of Diana.' Dionysius Halicarn. takes notice of the beauty and softness of these two verses:

Ἡ δ' ἐν ἐκ θαλαμῶιο περιφρῶν Πηνελόπειαν  
Ἀρτεμιδι ἰκέλη, ὅδε χερσὶν Ἀφροδίτην.

When Homer (remarks that author) paints a beautiful face, or an engaging object, he chooses the softest vowels, and most smooth and flowing semivowels: he never clogs the pronunciation with rough sounds, and a collision of untunable consonants; but every syllable, every letter conspires to exhibit the beauty of the object he endeavours to represent: there are no less than three and thirty vowels in two lines, and no more than twenty-nine consonants; which makes the verses flow away with an agreeable smoothness and harmony.

Penelope, we see, embraces her son with the utmost affection: 'kissing the lip' was not in fashion in the days of Homer; 'No one (remarks the bishop) ever kisses the lip or mouth.' Penelope here kisses her son's eyes, and his head; that is, his cheeks, or perhaps forehead; and Eumæus, in the preceding book, embraces the hands, eyes, and head of Telemachus. I rejoice to observe that all these were ceremonious kisses from a mother to a son, or from an inferior to a superior: this therefore

is no argument that lovers thus embraced, nor ought it to be brought as a reason why the present manner of salutation should be abrogated.

V. 65. *A stranger sent by heav'n attends me there.*] There is a vein of sincere piety that runs through the words and actions of Telemachus: he has no sooner delivered his mother from her uneasy apprehensions concerning his safety, but he proceeds to another act of virtue toward Theoclymenus, whom he had taken into his protection: he performs his duty towards men and towards the gods. It is by his direction that Penelope offers up her devotions for success, and thanks for his return. It is he who prescribes the manner of it; namely, by washing the hands, in token of the purity of mind required by those who supplicate the deities; and by putting on clean garments, to shew the reverence and regard with which their souls ought to be possessed when they appear before the gods. I am not sensible that the last ceremony is often mentioned in other parts of Homer; yet I doubt not but it was practised upon all religious solemnities.

V. 117. *Say, to my mourn'd couch, &c.*] Penelope had requested Telemachus to give her an account of his voyage to Pyle, and of what he had heard concerning Ulysses: he there waved the discourse, because the queen was in public with her female attendants. By this conduct the poet sustains both their characters. Penelope is impatient to hear of Ulysses; and this agrees with the affection of a tender wife: but the discovery being unseasonable, Telemachus forbears to satisfy her curiosity; in which he acts like a wise man. Here (observes Eustathius) she gently reproaches him for not satisfying her impatience concerning her husband: she insinuates that it is a piece of cruelty to permit her still to grieve, when it is in his power to give her comfort; and this induces him to gratify her desires. It ought to be observed, that Homer chooses a proper time for this relation. It was necessary that the suitors should be ignorant of the story of Ulysses; Telemachus therefore makes it when they are withdrawn to their sports, and when none were present but friends.

V. 138. *Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train, &c.*]

These verses are repeated from the fourth *Odyssey*; and are not without a good effect. They cannot fail of comforting Penelope, by assuring her that Ulysses is alive, and restrained by Calypso involuntarily; they give her hopes of his return, and the satisfaction of hearing his glory from the mouth of Menelaus. The conciseness of Telemachus is likewise remarkable: he recapitulates in thirty-eight lines the subject of almost three books, the third, the fourth, and fifth; he selects every circumstance that can please Penelope, and drops those that would give her pain.

V. 172. *When Theoclymenus the seer began, &c.*] It is with great judgment that the poet here introduces Theoclymenus. He is a person that has no direct relation to the story of the *Odyssey*: yet because he appears accidentally in it, Homer unites him very artificially with it, that he may not appear to no purpose, and as an useless ornament. He here speaks as an augur; and what he utters contributes to the perseverance of Penelope in resisting the addresses of the suitors, by assuring her of the return of Ulysses; and consequently in some degree Theoclymenus promotes the principal action. But it may be said, if it was necessary that Penelope should be informed of his return, why does not Telemachus assure her of it, who was fully acquainted with the truth? The answer is, that Penelope is not to be fully informed, but only encouraged by a general hope. Theoclymenus speaks from his art, which may possibly be liable to error; but Telemachus must have spoken from knowledge, which would have been contrary to the injunctions of Ulysses, and might have proved fatal by an unseasonable discovery: it was therefore judicious in the poet to put the assurance of the return of Ulysses into the mouth of Theoclymenus, and not of Telemachus.

There is an expression in this speech, which in the Greek is remarkable. Literally it is to be rendered, 'Ulysses is now sitting or creeping in Ithaca,' ἤμειν ἢ ἐκπᾶν; that is, Ulysses is returned and concealed: it is taken from the posture of a person in the act of endeavouring to hide himself; he sits down or creeps upon the ground. Eustathius explains it by κρυφα, καὶ ἢ κατ' ὀρθὸν βαδίζων.

V. 196. *Medon the herald, one who pleas'd them best.*] We

may observe that the character of Medon is very particular: he is at the same time a favourite of the suitors, and Telemachus: persons entirely opposite in their interest. It seldom happens any man can please two parties, without acting an insincere part. Atticus was indeed equally acceptable to the two factions of Cæsar and Pompey: but it was because he seemed neutral, and acted as if they were both his friends; or rather he was a man of such eminent virtues, that they esteemed it an honour to have him thought their friend. Homer every where represents Medon as a person of integrity; he is artful, but not criminal. No doubt but he made all compliances, that consisted with probity, with the suitors' dispositions: by this method he saved Penelope more effectually than if he had shewed a more rigid virtue. He made himself master of their hearts by an insinuating behaviour, and was a spy upon their actions. Eustathius compares him to a buskin that fits both legs, *ἵον τις κοθόρνον*. He seems to have been an anti-Cato, and practised a virtuous gaiety.

[ V. 236. *Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor* . . . . . ] Public benefactions demand public honours and acknowledgments: for this reason Homer makes an honourable mention of these three brothers. Ithaca was a small island, and destitute of plenty of fresh water: this fountain therefore was a public good to the whole region about it; and has given immortality to the authors of it. They were the sons of Pterelaus (as Eustathius informs us); Ithacus gave name to the country, Neritus to a mountain, and Polyctor to a place called Polyctorium.

V. 279. *The hero stood self-conquer'd and endur'd.*] Homer excellently sustains the character of Ulysses. He is a man of patience, and master of all his passions. He is here misused by one of his own servants; yet is so far from returning the injury, that he stifles the sense of it, without speaking one word. It is true he is described as having a conflict in his soul; but this is no derogation to his character. Not to feel like a man is insensibility, not virtue; but to repress the emotions of the heart, and keep them within the bounds of moderation, this argues wisdom, and turns an injury into a virtue and glory. There is an excellent contrast between the benevolent Eumæus and the insolent Me-

lanthius. Eumæus resents the outrage of Melanthius more than Ulysses. He is moved with indignation: but how does he express it? not by railing; but by an appeal to heaven, in prayer; a conduct worthy to be imitated in more enlightened ages.

The word *αγλαίας* here bears a peculiar signification. It does not imply voluptuousness as usually, but pride; and means that Ulysses would spoil his haughty airs, if he should ever return. This interpretation agrees with what follows: where Eumæus reproaches him for despising his rural charge, and aspiring to politeness, or, as we express it, to be a man of the town.

V. 308. *Beneath Eurymachus . . . . He took his place . . . .*] We may gather from hence the truth of an observation formerly made:—that Melanthius, Eumæus, &c. were persons of distinction, and their offices posts of honour. We see Melanthius, who had charge of the goats of Ulysses, is a companion of princes.

The reason why Melanthius in particular associates himself with Eurymachus is, an intrigue which that prince holds with Melanthe his sister, as appears from the following book. There is a confederacy and league between them; and we find they all suffer condign punishment in the end of the Odyssey.

V. 318. *High walls and battlements, &c.*] We have here a very particular draught or plan of the palace of Ulysses. It is a kind of castle, at once designed for strength and magnificence: this we may gather from *ὑπερπλισσάιτο*, which Hesychius explains by *ὑπερπηδῆσαι*, *ὑπερβῆαι*, not easily to be surmounted, or forced by arms.

Homer artfully introduces Ulysses struck with wonder at the beauty of the palace. This is done to confirm Eumæus in the opinion that Ulysses is really the beggar he appears to be, and a perfect stranger among the Ithacans. Thus also when he complains of hunger, he speaks the language of a beggar (as Eustathius remarks); to persuade Eumæus that he takes his journey to the court, solely out of want and hunger.

V. 345. *Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew, &c.*] This whole episode has fallen under the ridicule of the critics; Mon-

sieur Perrault's in particular: 'The dunghill before the palace (says that author) is more proper for a peasant than a king; and it is beneath the dignity of poetry to describe the dog Argus almost devoured with vermin.' It must be allowed, that such a familiar episode could not have been properly introduced into the Iliad. It is writ in a nobler style, and distinguished by a boldness of sentiments and diction; whereas the Odyssey descends to the familiar, and is calculated more for common than heroic life. What Homer says of Argus is very natural; and I do not know any thing more beautiful or more affecting in the whole poem. I dare appeal to every person's judgment, if Argus be not as justly and properly represented, as the noblest figure in it. It's certain that the vermin which Homer mentions would debase our poetry; but in the Greek that very word is noble and sonorous, *Κυνοβοσκον*. But how is the objection concerning the dunghill to be answered? We must have recourse to the simplicity of manners amongst the ancients, who thought nothing mean that was of use to life. Ithaca was a barren country, full of rocks and mountains, and owed its fertility chiefly to cultivation; and for this reason such circumstantial cares were necessary. It is true such a description now is more proper for a peasant than a king: but anciently it was no disgrace for a king to perform with his own hands what is now left only to peasants. We read of a dictator taken from the plough; and why may not a king as well manure his field as plough it, without receding from his dignity? Virgil has put the same thing into a precept:

' Ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola.'

V. 361. *In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet.*] It may seem that this circumstance was inserted casually, or at least only to shew the age and infirmity of Argus: but there is a further intent in it: if the dog had ran to Ulysses and fawned upon him, it would have raised a strong suspicion in Eumæus that he was not such a stranger to the Ithacans as he pretended, but some person in disguise: and this might have occasioned an unseasonable discovery. EUSTATHIUS.



V. 374. *Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,  
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.]*

It is in the Greek *αἰνέταις*, or 'kings;' but the word is not to be taken in too strict a sense; it implies 'all persons of distinction,' or *αινεσποται*, like the word 'Rex' in Horace:

'Regibus hic mos est ubi equos mercantur.'

And *Reginæ* in Terence (as Dacier observes) is used in the same manner:

'.... Eunuchum porrò dixti velle te:  
Quia solæ utuntur his reginæ.'

V. 392. .... *Whatever day  
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.]*

This is a very remarkable sentence, and commonly found to be true. Longinus, in his inquiry into the decay of human wit, quotes it: 'Servitude, be it never so justly established, is a kind of prison, wherein the soul shrinks in some measure, and diminishes by constraint: it has the same effect with the boxes in which dwarfs are inclosed; which not only hinder the body from its growth, but make it less by the constriction. It is observable that all the great orators flourished in republics: and indeed what is there that raises the souls of great men more than liberty? In other governments men commonly become, instead of orators, pompous flatterers. A man born in servitude may be capable of other sciences; but no slave can ever be an orator: for while the mind is depressed and broken by slavery, it will never dare to think or say any thing bold and noble; all the vigour evaporates, and it remains as it were confined in a prison.' 'Etiam fera animalia, si clausa teneas, virtutis obliviscuntur.' Tacit. Hist. lib. iv.

These verses are quoted in Plato, lib. vi. de legibus; but somewhat differently from our editions:

Ἡμεῖς γὰρ τε νοῦν ἀπολαίμεθα εὐνοῦται Ζεὺς  
Αἰδῶν ἕς αὖ δῆ, &c.



However, this aphorism is to be understood only generally, not universally. Eumæus, who utters it, is an instance to the contrary, who retains his virtue in a state of subjection. And Plato speaks to the same purpose; asserting that some slaves have been found of such virtue, as to be preferred to a son or brother; and have often preserved their masters and their families.

V. 399. *So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!*] It has been a question what occasioned the death of Argus, at the instant he saw Ulysses. Eustathius imputes it to the joy he felt at the sight of his master. But there has another objection been started against Homer, for ascribing so long a life as twenty years to Argus: and that dogs never surpass the fifteenth year. But this is an error; Aristotle affirms, that some dogs live two and twenty: and other naturalists subscribe to his judgment. Eustathius tells us, that other writers agree, that some dogs live twenty-four years. Pliny thus writes, 'Canes Laconici vivunt annis denis, feminae duodenis, cætera genera quindecim annos, æquando viginti.' Madam Dacier mentions some of her own knowledge that lived twenty-three years. And the translator, not to fall short of these illustrious examples, has known one that died at twenty-two, big with puppies.

V. 423. *How ill, alas! do want and shame agree?*] We are not to imagine that Homer is here recommending immodesty; but to understand him as speaking of a decent assurance, in opposition to a faulty shame or bashfulness. The verse in the Greek is remarkable:

Αἰδώς δ' ἐκ ἀγάθᾳ κεχρημένῳ συνδρα προΐκῃ.

A person of great learning has observed that there is a tautology in the three last words; in 'a beggar that wants:' as if the very notion of a beggar did not imply want. Indeed Plato, who cites this verse in his Charmides, uses another word instead of προΐκῃ, and inserts παρῖναι. Hesiod likewise, who makes use of the same line, instead of προΐκῃ reads κομίζε, which would almost induce us to believe that there was a tautology in Homer. It has therefore been conjectured, that the word προΐκῃ should be inserted in the place of παρῖναι; I am sorry that the construction

will not allow it; that word is of the masculine gender, and *αγαθῇ*, which is of the feminine, cannot agree with it. We may indeed substitute *αγαθός*, and then the sense will be ‘bashfulness is no good petitioner for a beggar;’ but this must be done without authority. We must therefore thus understand Homer: ‘Too much modesty is not good for a poor man, who lives by begging,’ *πεινῶν*; and this solution clears the verse from the tautology, for a man may be in want, and not be a beggar; or (as Homer expresses it) *ἐσχημασμένος*, and yet not *πεινῶν*.

V. 433. *Minerva prompts, &c.*] I have already observed, that Homer makes use of machines sometimes merely for ornament. This place is an instance of it: here is no action of an uncommon nature performed, and yet Pallas directs Ulysses: Plutarch very justly observes, that whenever the heroes of Homer execute any prodigious exploit of valour, he continually introduces a deity, who assists in the performance of it; but it is also true, that to shew the dependance of man upon the assistance of heaven, he frequently ascribes the common dictates of wisdom to the goddess of it. If we take the act here inspired by Minerva as it lies nakedly in Homer, it is no more than a bare command to beg; an act that needs not the wisdom of a goddess to command: but we are to understand it as a direction to Ulysses how to behave before the suitors upon his first appearance, how to carry on his disguise so artfully as to prevent all suspicions, and take his measures so effectually as to work his own re-establishment: in this light, the command becomes worthy of a goddess: the act of begging is only the method by which he carries on his design; the consequence of it is the main point in view, namely, the suitors’ destruction. The rest is only the stratagem by which he obtains the victory.

V. 438. *With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,  
Humble he moves, &c.*]

Homer inserts this particularity to shew the complying nature of Ulysses in all fortunes: he is every where *πολυτροπός*: it is his distinguishing character in the first verse of the *Odyssey*, and it is visible in every part of it. He is an artist in the trade of beg-

ging, as Eustathius observes; and knows how to become the lowest, as well as the highest station.

Homer adds, that the suitors were struck with wonder at the sight of Ulysses. That is (says Eustathius) because they never had before seen him in Ithaca, and concluded him to be a foreigner. But I rather think it is a compliment Homer pays to his hero to represent his port and figure to be such, as, though a beggar, struck them with astonishment.

V. 462. *Round the wide world are sought those men divine, &c.*] This is an evidence of the great honour anciently paid to persons eminent in mechanic arts: the architect, and public artisans, *δημιουργοί*, are joined with the prophet, physician, and poet, who were esteemed almost with a religious veneration, and looked upon as public blessings. Honour was anciently given to men in proportion to the benefits they brought to society: a useless great man is a burden to the earth; while the meanest artisan is beneficial to his fellow creatures, and useful in his generation.

V. 497. *Bestow, my friend! &c.*] Ulysses here acts with a prudent dissimulation. He pretends not to have understood the irony of Antinous, nor to have observed his preparation to strike him: and therefore proceeds as if he apprehended no danger. This at once shews the patience of Ulysses, who is inured to sufferings, and gives a foundation for the punishment of Antinous in the conclusion of the Odyssey.

It is observable, that Ulysses gives his own history in the same words as in the fourteenth book, yet varies from it in the conclusion. He there spoke to Eumæus; and Eumæus is here present, and hears the story: how is it then that he does not observe the falsification of Ulysses, and conclude him to be an impostor? Eustathius labours for an answer: he imagines that Eumæus was inadvertent, or had forgot the former relation; and yet asserts that the reason why Ulysses tells the same history in part to Antinous, proceeds from a fear of detection in Eumæus. I would rather imagine that Ulysses makes the deviation, trusting to the judgment of Eumæus; who might conclude that there was some good reason why he forbears to let Antinous into the

full history of his life; especially, because he was an enemy both to Ulysses and Eumæus. He might therefore easily reflect, that the difference of his story arose from prudence and design, rather than from imposture and falsehood.

V. 525. *And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord.*] We are not to search too exactly into historic truth among the fictions of poetry; but it is very probable that this Dmetor was really king of Cyprus. Eustathius is of this opinion: but it may be objected, that Cinyras was king of Cyprus in the time of Ulysses: thus lib. xi. Iliad:

‘ The beaming cuirass next adorn’d his breast;  
The same which once king Cinyras possess’d:  
The fame of Greece, and her assembled host,  
Had reach’d that monarch on the Cyprian coast.’

The answer is, there were almost twenty years elapsed since the mention of this breast-plate of Cinyras; this king therefore being dead, Dmetor possessed the Cyprian throne.

V. 557. *Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.*] The reasoning of Ulysses in the original is not without some obscurity: for how can it be affirmed, that it is no great affliction to have our property invaded, and to be wounded in the defence of it? The beggar who suffers for asking an alms, has no injury done him, except the violence offered to his person; but it is a double injury, to suffer both in our persons and properties. We must therefore suppose that Ulysses means, that the importance of the cause, when our rights are invaded, is equal to the danger; and that we ought to suffer wounds, or even death, in defence of it; and that a brave man grieves not at such laudable adventures. Or perhaps Ulysses speaks only with respect to Antinous; and means that it is a greater injury to offer violence to the poor and the stranger, than to persons of greater fortunes and station.

Eustathius gives a deeper meaning to the speech of Ulysses: he applies it to his present condition, and it is the same as if he had said openly,—It would be no great matter if I had been wounded in defence of my palace, and other properties; but to

suffer only for asking an alms, this is a deep affliction. So that Ulysses speaks in general, but intends his own particular condition: and the import of the whole is, I grieve to suffer, not upon any weighty account, but only for being poor and hungry.

V. 615. . . . . *for Minos' birth renown'd.*] Diodorus Siculus thus writes of Minos: 'He was the son of Jupiter and Europa, who was fabled to be carried by a bull (that is, in a ship called the Bull, or that had the image of a bull carved upon its prow) into Crete: here Minos reigned, and built many cities: he established many laws among the Cretans; he also provided a navy, by which he subdued many of the adjacent islands. The expression in the Greek will bear a two-fold sense: and implies either, where Minos was born, or where the descendants of Minos reign; for Idomenus, who governed Crete in the days of Ulysses, was a descendant of Minos, from his son Deucalion.'

Homer mentions it as an honour to Crete, to have given birth to so great a law-giver as Minos: and it is universally true, that every great man is an honour to his country: Athens did not give reputation to learned men, but learned men to Athens.

V. 624. . . . . *Telemachus then sneez'd aloud.*] Eustathius fully explains the nature of this omen: for sneezing was reckoned ominous both by the Greeks and Romans. While Penelope uttered these words, Telemachus sneezes; Penelope accepts the omen, and expects the words to be verified. The original of the veneration paid to sneezing is this:—The head is the most sacred part of the body, the seat of thought and reason: now the sneeze coming from the head, the ancients looked upon it as a sign or omen, and believed it to be sent by Jupiter; therefore they regarded it with a kind of adoration: the reader will have a full idea of the nature of the omen of sneezing here mentioned, from a singular instance in lib. iii. of Xenophon, in his expedition of Cyrus. Xenophon having ended a short speech to his soldiers with these words, viz. 'We have many reasons to hope for preservation;' they were scarce uttered, when a certain soldier sneezed: the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the gods; then Xenophon, resuming his discourse, pro-

ceeded: 'Since, my fellow soldiers, at the mention of our preservation, Jupiter has sent this omen,' &c. So that Xenophon fully explains Homer.

Sneezing was likewise reckoned ominous by the Romans. Thus Catullus:

'Hoc ut dixit, amor sinistrâ ut ante  
Dextram sternuit approbationem.'

Thus also Propertius:

'Num tibi nascenti primis, mea vita, diebus  
Aridus argutum sternuit omen amor.'

L. II. El. 3. v. 23.

We find in all these instances that sneezing was constantly received as a good omen, or a sign of approbation from the gods. In these ages we pay an idle superstition to sneezing: but it is ever looked upon as a bad omen; and we cry 'God bless you,' upon hearing it, as the Greeks in later times said *ἔσθι* or *ζεῦ εὖ σθι*. We are told this custom arose from a mortal distemper that affected the head, and threw the patient into convulsive sneezings, that occasioned his death.

I will only add from Eustathius, that Homer expresses the loudness of the sneezing, to give a reason why Penelope heard it; she being in an apartment at some distance from Telemachus.

The sneezing likewise gives us the reason why Penelope immediately commands Eumæus to introduce the beggar into her presence: the omen gave her hopes to hear of Ulysses; she saw the beggar was a stranger, and a traveller, and therefore expected he might be able to give her some information.

V. 644. *To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,  
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n.]*

These words bear a double sense; one applicable to the speaker, the other to the reader. The reader, who knows this beggar to be Ulysses, is pleased with the concealed meaning, and hears with pleasure the beggar affirming that he is fully instructed in the misfortunes of Ulysses: but speaking in the character of a beggar,

he keeps Eumæus in ignorance, who believes he is reciting the adventures of a friend, while he really gives his own history.

This book does not fully comprehend the space of one day : it begins with the morning, and ends before night : so that the time here mentioned by the poet is the evening of the thirty-sixth day.



THE  
EIGHTEENTH BOOK.  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

THE beggar Irus insults Ulysses ; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eurymachus.





*Painted by R. Smirke R.A.*

*Engraved by I.M. Delattre*



## BOOK XVIII.

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero sat,  
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;  
A surly vagrant of the giant kind,  
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:  
From feast to feast, insatiate to devour,                   5  
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.  
Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,  
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:  
But Irus his associates call'd the boy,  
Practis'd, the common messenger, to fly;                   10  
Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.

From his own roof, with meditated blows,  
He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.

Hence, dotard, hence! and timely speed thy  
way,

Lest dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy stay;  
See how with nods assent yon princely train!   16  
But hon'ring age, in mercy I refrain.  
In peace away! lest, if persuasions fail,  
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.

To whom, with stern regard :—Oh, insolence ; 20  
Indecently to rail, without offence !

What bounty gives, without a rival share :

I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air :

Alike on alms we both precarious live :

And canst thou envy, when the great relieve ? 25

Know from the bounteous heav'ns all riches flow ;

And what man gives, the gods by man bestow.

Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,

Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood ;

Old as I am, should once my fury burn, 30

How wouldst thou fly, nor e'en in thought return ?

Mere woman-glutton ! (thus the churl replied)

A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide !

Why cease I, gods ! to dash those teeth away,

Like some vile boar's, that greedy of his prey 35

Uproots the bearded corn ?—rise ; try the fight ;

Gird well thy loins ; approach, and feel my might :

Sure of defeat, before the peers engage ;

Unequal fight ! when youth contends with age !

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display 40

More fierce intents, preluding to the fray.

Antinous hears, and in a jovial vein,

Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train :

This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ :  
 And lo! the gods conspire to crown our joy. 45  
 See, ready for the fight, and hand to hand,  
 Yon surly mendicants contentious stand!  
 Why urge we not to blows?—Well pleas'd they  
     spring

Swift from their seats, and, thick'ning, form a ring.

To whom Antinous:—Lo! enrich'd with blood,  
 A kid's well-fatted entrails (tasteful food) 51  
 On glowing embers lie; on him bestow  
 The choicest portion who subdues his foe;  
 Grant him unrivall'd in these walls to stay,  
 The sole attendant on the genial day. 55

The lords applaud: Ulysses then with art,  
 And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless  
     heart:

Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;  
 Say, is it baseness to decline the foe?  
 Hard conflict! when calamity and age 60  
 With vig'rous youth, unknown to cares, engage!  
 Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day  
 Imperious hunger bids, and I obey.  
 But swear, impartial arbiters of right,  
 Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight. 65

The peers assent: when straight his sacred head  
Telemachus uprais'd, and sternly said:

Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong  
Of this bold insolent, confide, be strong!  
Th' injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow, 70  
That instant makes Telemachus his foe;  
And these my friends\* shall guard the sacred ties  
Of hospitality;—for they are wise.

Then<sup>s</sup> girding his strong loins, the king prepares  
To close in combat, and his body bares; 75  
Broad spread his shoulders; and his nervous thighs  
By just degrees, like well-turn'd columns, rise:  
Ample his chest; his arms are round and long,  
And each strong joint Minerva knits more strong  
(Attendant on her chief): the suitor-crowd 80  
With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:

Irus! alas! shall Irus be no more?  
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!  
Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,  
Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!

Then pale with fears, and sick'ning at the sight,  
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;  
From his blank visage fled the coward blood,  
And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood. 89

\* Antinous and Eurymachus.

Oh that such baseness should disgrace the light !  
 O hide it, death, in everlasting night !  
 (Exclaims Antinous)—can a vig'rous foe  
 Meanly decline to combat age and woe ?  
 But hear me, wretch ! if recreant in the fray,  
 That huge bulk yield this ill-contested day, 95  
 Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd ;  
 A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant-kind ;  
 Who casts thy mangled ears and nose a prey  
 To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,  
 In ev'ry joint the trembling Irus shook.  
 Now front to front each frowning champion stands,  
 And poises high in air his adverse hands.  
 The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below  
 To fell the giant at one vengeful blow, 105  
 Or save his life : and soon his life to save  
 The king resolves ; for mercy sways the brave.  
 That instant Irus his huge arm extends,  
 Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends.  
 The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose 110  
 The hero latent in the man of woes,  
 Check'd half his might : yet rising to the stroke,  
 His jaw-bone dash'd ; the crashing jaw-bone broke :



Down dropt he stupid from the stunning wound;  
 His feet extended, quiv'ring, beat the ground;  
 His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood; 116  
 His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.

The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,  
 With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;  
 Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,  
 His length of carcase trailing prints the ground:  
 Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,  
 Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls;  
 Then to his hand a staff the victor gave, 124  
 And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:

There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign  
 A dreaded tyrant o'er the bestial train!  
 But mercy to the poor and stranger show;  
 Lest heav'n in vengeance send some mightier woe.

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung  
 The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung,  
 Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.  
 Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;  
 But to the palace measur'd back the way.  
 There as he rested, gath'ring in a ring, 135  
 The peers with smiles address'd their unknown

king

Stranger, may Jove and all th' aërial pow'rs,  
 With ev'ry blessing crown thy happy hours!  
 Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe  
 From bold intrusion of thy coward foe; 140  
 Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing  
 To Echetus, the monster of a king.

While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,  
 A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:  
 The bread from canisters of shining mold, 145  
 Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:  
 And oh! (he mildly cries) may heav'n display  
 A beam of glory o'er thy future day!  
 Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear  
 The gripes of poverty, and stings of care. 150

To whom with thought mature the king replies:  
 The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise.  
 Such was thy father! in imperial state,  
 Great without vice, that oft attends the great:  
 Nor from the sire art thou, the son, declin'd; 155  
 Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!  
 Of all that breathes, or grov'ling creeps on earth,  
 • Most vain is man! calamitous by birth.  
 To-day, with pow'r clate, in strength he blooms;  
 The haughty creature on that pow'r presumes:

•

Anon from heav'n a sad reverse he feels;      161  
 Untaught to bear, 'gainst heav'n the wretch rebels.  
 For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe;  
 Too high when prosp'rous; when distress'd too low.  
 There was a day, when with the scornful great  
 I swell'd in pomp, and arrogance of state;      166  
 Proud of the pow'r that to high birth belongs;  
 And us'd that pow'r to justify my wrongs.  
 Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,  
 Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd;      170  
 Be dumb when heav'n afflicts! unlike yon train  
 Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;  
 Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey.  
 But vengeance and Ulysses wing their way.  
 O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian pow'r,  
 Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!  
 For sure I am, if stern Ulysses breathe,  
 These lawless riots end in blood and death.

Then to the gods the rosy juice he pours,  
 And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.      180  
 Stung to the soul, o'ercast with holy dread,  
 He shook the graceful honours of his head;  
 His boding mind the future woe forestalls:—  
 In vain! by great Telemachus he falls;

For Pallas seals his doom: all sad he turns 185  
To join the peers; resumes his throne, and mourns.

Meanwhile Minerva with instinctive fires  
Thy soul, Penelope, from heav'n inspires;  
With flatt'ring hopes the suitors to betray,  
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day; 190  
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise,  
And crown the mother and the wife with praise.  
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,  
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries:

Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns 195  
I feel an impulse; though my soul disdains:  
To my lov'd son the snares of death to show,  
And in the traitor-friend unmask the foe;  
Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,  
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.

Go warn thy son, ~~nor~~ be the warning vain, 201  
(Replied the sagest of the royal train)  
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, descend;  
Pow'rful of charms, bid ev'ry grace attend:  
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress: 205  
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.  
Some joy remains:—to thee a son is giv'n,  
Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n.

Ah me! forbear, returns the queen; forbear:—  
 O talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care!   210  
 No more I bathe, since he no longer sees  
 Those charms, for whom alone I wish to please.  
 The day that bore Ulysses from this coast  
 Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.  
 But instant bid Autonoë descend,                   215  
 Instant Hippodamè our steps attend:  
 Ill suits it female virtue, to be seen  
 Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.

Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,  
 From heav'n Minerva shoots with guardian cares;  
 O'er all her senses, as the couch she preste,   221  
 She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest:  
 With ev'ry beauty ev'ry feature arms;  
 Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms:  
 In her love-darting eyes a'akes the fires;   225  
 (Immortal gifts! to kindle soft desires)  
 From limb to limb an air majestic sheds,  
 And the pure iv'ry o'er her bosom spreads.  
 Such Venus shines, when with a measur'd bound  
 She smoothly gliding swims th' harmonious round,  
 When with the graces in the dance she moves, 231  
 And fires the gazing gods with ardent loves.

Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends;  
 And to the queen the damsel-train descends:  
 Wak'd at their steps, her flowing eyes unclosed;  
 The tear she wipes, and thus renews her woes: 236

Howe'er 'tis well, that sleep a while can free  
 With soft forgetfulness a wretch like me;  
 Oh! were it giv'n to yield this transient breath!  
 Send, O Diana, send the sleep of death! 240  
 Why must I waste a tedious life in tears,  
 Nor bury in the silent grave my cares?  
 O my Ulysses! ever honour'd name!  
 For thee I mourn, till death dissolves my frame.

Thus wailing, slow and sadly she descends:  
 On either hand a damsel-train attends: 246  
 Full where the dome its shining valves expands,  
 Radiant before the gazing peers she stands;  
 A veil translucent o'er her brow display'd,  
 Her beauty seems, and only seems, to shade: 250  
 Sudden she lightens in their dazzled eyes,  
 And sudden flames in ev'ry bosom rise;  
 They send their eager souls with ev'ry look:  
 Till silence thus th' imperial matron broke:

O why, my son, why now no more appears 255  
 That warmth of soul that urg'd thy younger years?

Thy riper days no growing worth impart:  
 A man in stature; still a boy in heart!  
 Thy well-knit frame, unprofitably strong,  
 Speaks thee an hero from an hero sprung: 260  
 But the just gods in vain those gifts bestow—  
 O wise alone in form, and brave in show!  
 Heav'ns! could a stranger feel oppression's hand  
 Beneath thy roof, and couldst thou tamely stand?  
 If thou the stranger's righteous cause decline, 265  
 His is the suff'rance, but the shame is thine.

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:  
 That gen'rous soul with just resentment burns.  
 Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow  
 For others' good, and melt at others' woe: 270  
 But impotent these riots to repel,  
 I bear their outrage, though my soul rebel:  
 Helpless amid the snares of death I tread,  
 And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread.—  
 But now no crime is theirs: this wrong proceeds  
 From Irus; and the guilty Irus bleeds.  
 O would to Jove! or her whose arms display  
 The shield of Jove, or him who rules the day!  
 That yon proud suitors, who licentious tread 279  
 These courts, within these courts like Irus bled:

Whose loose head tott'ring, as with wine opprest,  
 Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breast:  
 Pow'rless to move, his stagg'ring feet deny  
 The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the queen Eurymachus replies: 285  
 O justly lov'd, and not more fair than wise!  
 Should Greece thro' all her hundred states survey  
 Thy finish'd charms, all Greece would own thy  
     sway,

In rival crowds contest the glorious prize,  
 Dispeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes. 290  
 O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,  
 In body perfect, and complete in mind!

Ah me! returns the queen, when from this shore  
 Ulysses sail'd, then beauty was no more!  
 The gods decreed these eyes no more should keep  
 Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep. 296  
 Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,  
 My virtues last:—my brightest charm is love.  
 Now, grief, thou all art mine! the gods o'ercast  
 My soul with woes, that long, ah long, must last!  
 • Too faithfully my heart retains the day 301  
 That sadly tore my royal lord away:  
 He grasp'd my hand, and oh, my spouse! I leave  
 Thy arms (he cried), perhaps to find a grave:



Fame speaks the Trojans bold ; they boast the skill  
 To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,      306  
 To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car  
 With dreadful inroad through the walks of war.  
 My sentence is gone forth :—and 'tis decreed  
 Perhaps by righteous heav'n that I must bleed !  
 My father, mother, all, I trust to thee ;—      311  
 To them, to them transfer the love of me :  
 But when my son grows man, the royal sway  
 Resign, and happy be thy bridal day !  
 Such were his words ; and hymen now prepares  
 To light his torch, and give me up to cares ;      316  
 Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear :  
 A wretch the most complete that breathes the air !  
 Fall'n e'en below the rights to woman due !  
 Careless to please, with insolence ye woo !      320  
 The gen'rous lovers, studious to succeed,  
 Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed ;  
 By precious gifts the vow sincere display :  
 You, only you, make her ye love your prey.

Well-pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive  
 The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give :      326  
 False hopes she kindles : but those hopes betray,  
 And promise, yet elude the bridal day.

While yet she speaks, the gay Antinous cries,  
 Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!  
 'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give, 331  
 And custom bids thee without shame receive;  
 Yet never, never, from thy dome we move  
 Till hymen lights the torch of spousal love.

The peers dispatch their heralds to convey 335  
 The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.  
 A robe Antinous gives of shining dyes,  
 The varying hues in gay confusion rise  
 Rich from the artist's hand! twelve clasps of gold  
 Close to the less'ning waist the vest infold; 340  
 Down from the swelling loins the vest unbound  
 Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.  
 A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,  
 That shot effulgence like the solar ray,  
 Eurymachus presents, and earrings bright, 345  
 With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.  
 Pisander bears a necklace wrought with art:  
 And ev'ry peer, expressive of his heart,  
 A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,  
 And slow behind her damsel-train attends. 350

Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,  
 Till Hesperus leads forth the starry train;

And now he raises, as the day-light fades,  
 His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades:  
 Three vases heap'd with copious fires display 355  
 O'er all the palace a fictitious day;  
 From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,  
 And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the king:—Ill suits your sex to stay  
 Alone with men! ye modest maids, away! 360  
 Go, with the queen the spindle guide; or cull  
 (The partners of her cares) the silver wool;  
 Be it my task the torches to supply,  
 E'en till the morning lamp adorns the sky:  
 E'en till the morning, with unwearied care, 365  
 Sleepless I watch;—for I have learn'd to bear.

Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,  
 (Melantho, from the loins of Dolius sprung,  
 Who with the queen her years an infant led,  
 With the soft fondness of a daughter bred) 370  
 Chiefly derides: regardless of the cares  
 Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares  
 Nocturnal with Eurymachus!—With eyes  
 That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies:

Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain,  
 Thou bold intruder on a princely train?

Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;  
 Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.  
 Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,  
 Or flows licentious from the copious bowl? 380  
 Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?  
 A foe may meet thee of a braver kind;  
 Who, short'ning with a storm of blows thy stay,  
 Shall send thee howling all in blood away!

To whom with frowns:—O impudent in wrong!  
 Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue. 386  
 Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence:  
 The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.

With conscious shame they hear the stern re-  
 buke,  
 Nor longer durst sustain the sov'reign look. 390

Then to the servile task the monarch turns  
 His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns  
 With added day: meanwhile in museful mood,  
 Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd, he stood.  
 And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs 395  
 To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors' tongues:  
 Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man,  
 Thoughtless and gay, Eurymachus began:

Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!  
 Some god, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends:

The shining baldness of his head survey;      401  
It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.—

Then to the king that levell'd haughty Troy:—  
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ      404  
Those hands in works; to tend the rural trade,  
To dress the walk, and form th' embow'ring shade?  
So food and raiment constant will I give:  
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,  
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive.

To whom incens'd:—Should we, O prince, en-  
gage      410

In rival tasks beneath the burning rage  
Of summer suns; were both constrain'd to wield,  
Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field—  
Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds,  
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds;  
Beneath my labours, how thy wond'ring eyes      416  
Might see the sable field at once arise!

Should Jove dire war unloose; with spear and  
shield,

And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd field,  
Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st  
thou,—say,—      420

Misname me glutton, in that glorious day?

No; thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace:

'Tis thou injurious art; not I am base.

Proud to seem brave among a coward train!

But know, thou art not valorous, but vain. 425

Gods! should the stern Ulysses rise in might,

These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight.

While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,

With indignation flashing from his eyes:

Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong,

Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue, 431

Irrev'rent to the great, and uncontrol'd.

Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?

Perhaps, these outrages from Irus flow,

A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe! 435

He said, and with full force a footstool threw:

Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew.

Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,

Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.

Not so a youth who deals the goblet round: 440

Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound:

Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies;

He shrieks, he reels, he falls, — and breathless lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the sky;

Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry: 445

O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,  
 To the black realms of darkness and of death,  
 Ere yet he trod these shores!—to strife he draws  
 Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?  
 A vagabond!—for him the great destroy,      450  
 In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.

To whom the stern Telemachus uprose:—  
 Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?  
 Whence this unguarded openness of soul,  
 But from the licence of the copious bowl?      455  
 Or heav'n delusion sends:—but hence; away!  
 Force I forbear; and without force obey.

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke;  
 Till thus Amphinomus the silence broke:

True are his words: and he whom truth offends,  
 Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;      461  
 Let not the hand of violence invade  
 The rev'rend stranger, or the spotless maid;  
 Retire we hence!—but crown with rosy wine  
 The flowing goblet to the pow'rs divine:      465  
 Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands:  
 This, justice, this the social right demands.

The peers assent:—the goblet Mulius crown'd  
 With purple juice, and bore in order round;

Each peer successive his libation pours                    470  
To the blest gods that fill th' aërial bow'rs:  
Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds  
    obey, •  
And, rushing forth tumultuous, reel away



## SELECT NOTES

TO

### BOOK XVIII.

HOMER has been severely blamed for describing Ulysses, a king, entering the lists with a beggar: Rapin affirms, that he demeans himself by engaging with an unequal adversary. The objection would be unanswerable, if Ulysses appeared in his royal character: but it is as necessary in epic poetry, as on the theatre, to adapt the behaviour of every person to the character he is to represent, whether real or imaginary. Would it not have been ridiculous to have represented him, while he was disguised in the garb of a beggar, refusing the combat, because he knew himself to be a king? and would not such a conduct have endangered a discovery? Ought we not rather to look upon this episode as an instance of the greatness of the calamities of Ulysses; who is reduced to such uncommon extremities as to be set upon a level with the meanest of wretches?

V. 8. *She nam'd Arnæus . . . . .*] It seems probable from this passage, that the mother gave the name to the child in the days of Homer; though perhaps not without the concurrence of the father: thus in the Scriptures it is said of Leah, that 'she bare a son and called his name Reuben;' and again, 'she called his name Simeon;' and the same is frequently repeated both of Leah and Rachel. In the age of Aristophanes, the giving a name to the child seems to have been a divided prerogative between the father and mother. For in his *Νεφέλαι* there is a dispute between Strepsiades and his wife, concerning the name of their son. The wife was of noble birth, and would therefore give him a noble name; the husband was a plain villager, and was rather for a name that denoted frugality: but the woman not waving the least branch of her prerogative, they compromised the affair, by giving the child a compounded name that implied both frugality

and chivalry; derived from φειδω, 'to spare,' and ιππος, 'an horse;' and the young cavalier's name was Phidippides. Eustathius affirms, that anciently the mother named the child; and the scholiast upon Aristophanes in avib. quotes a fragment from Euripides to this purpose from a play called Ægeus:

Τι σε μήτερ ἐν δέκατα τέκον ὀνόμασε.

'What was the name given on the tenth day by the mother to thee, the child?'—Dacier tells us, that the name of Arnæus was prophetic; ἀπο τῶν ἀρνῶν, 'from the sheep the glutton would devour when he came to manhood;' but this is mere fancy, and it is no reason, because he proved a glutton, that therefore the name foretold it. One might rather think the fondness of the mother toward her infant suggested a very different view: she gave the name according to her wishes, and flattered herself that he would prove a very rich man, 'a man of many flocks and herds:' and therefore she called him Ἀρναιοῖ; and this is the more probable, because all riches originally consisted in flocks, and herds.

V. 11. *Irus, a name expressive of th' employ.*] To understand this, we must have recourse to the derivation of the word Irus. It comes from *ιρῶ*, which signifies 'nuncio.' Irus was therefore so called, because he was a public messenger; and Iris bears that name, as the messenger of the gods; *Ἰρις, ἀπαγγελλῶν; Ἰρις, Ἀγέλος. HESYCHIUS.*

V: 34. . . . . *To dash those teeth away*  
*Like some wild boar's . . . . .]*

These words refer to a custom that prevailed in former ages: it was allowed to strike out the teeth of any beast which the owner found in his grounds. Eustathius informs us, that this was a custom or law among the people of Cyprus; but from what Homer here speaks, it seems to have been a general practice; at least it was in use amongst the Ithacans.

V. 37. *Gird well thy loins.*] We may gather from hence the manner of the single combat: the champions fought naked, and only made use of a cincture round the loins out of decency.

The speeches here are short, and the periods remarkably concise, suitable to the nature of anger. The reader may consult the annotations on the xxth book, concerning the goat's entrails mentioned here by Antinous.

V. 64. *But swear, impartial arbiters of right,  
Swear to stand neutral, while we cope in fight.]*

This is a very necessary precaution: Ulysses had reason to apprehend that the suitors would interest themselves in the cause of Irus, who was their daily attendant, rather than in that of a perfect stranger. Homer takes care to point out the prudence of Ulysses upon every emergence: besides, he raises this fray between two beggars into some dignity, by requiring the sanction of an oath to regulate the laws of the combat. It is the same solemnity used in the Iliad between Paris and Menelaus: and represents these combatants engaging with the formality of two heroes.

V. 72. *And these my friends shall guard the sacred ties  
Of hospitality; for they are wise.]*

When Telemachus speaks these words, he is supposed to turn to Eurymachus and Antinous, to whom he directs his discourse. It must be allowed that this is an artful piece of flattery in Telemachus: and he makes use of it to engage these two princes, who were the chief of the suitors, on his side.

V. 82. *Irus, alas! shall Irus be no more?] This is literally translated. I confess I wish Homer had omitted these little collusions of words: he sports with *ἴρος αἴρος*. It is a low conceit, alluding to the derivation of Irus, and means that he shall never more be a messenger. The translation, though it be verbal, yet is free from ambiguity, and the joke concealed in *αἴρος*. This will be evident if we substitute another name in the place of Irus: we may say Achilles shall be no longer Achilles, without descending from the gravity of epic poetry.*

V. 90. *Oh that such baseness should disgrace the light!  
O hide it, death, &c.]*

Eustathius gives us an instance of the deep penetration of some

critics, in their comments upon these words: they have found in them the philosophy of Pythagoras, and the transmigration of souls. The verse stands thus in Homer:

Νῦν μὲν μὴτ' οἷος βῆχαιε, μὴτε γέναιο: (v. 78)

which they imagine is to be understood after this manner: 'I wish thou hadst never been born! and mayst thou never exist again, or have a second being!' To recite such an absurdity is to refute it. The verse when literally rendered bears this import: 'I wish thou wert now dead, or hadst never been born!' an imprecation very natural to persons in anger, who seldom give themselves time to speak with profound allusions to philosophy.

V. 96. *Instant thou sail'st, to Echetus resign'd;  
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant-kind.]*

The tradition concerning Echetus stands thus: he was king of Epirus, the son of Euchenor and Phlogea; he had a daughter called Metopè, or, as others affirm, Amphissa; she being corrupted by Æchmodicus, Echetus put out her eyes, and condemned her to grind pieces of iron made in the resemblance of corn: and told her she should recover her sight when she had ground the iron into flour. He invited Æchmodicus to an entertainment, and cut off the extremities from all parts of his body, and cast them to the dogs: at length being seized with madness, he fed upon his own flesh, and died. This history is confirmed, lib. iv. of Apolloniûs:

Ἰβριότης Ἐχέτος γλῆναις ἐν χάλκῳ κνήρα  
Πήξε θυγάτηρ ἱή, σπονδῶντι δὲ καρφίται οἴῳ,  
Οὐφθαίη ἐν χάλκῳ ἀλετριυνσα κελίη.

I wonder how this last quotation escaped the diligence of Eustathius. Dacier affirms, that no mention is made of Echetus by any of the Greek historians; and therefore she has recourse to another tradition, preserved by Eustathius, who tells us, that Echetus was contemporary with Homer, that the poet had been ill used by him, and therefore took this revenge for his inhumanity.

V. 140. *From bold intrusion of thy coward foe.]* The word in

the Greek is ἀναλτον. Γαστέρα ἀναλτον is 'a voracious appetite, a stomach that nothing can satisfy:' Hesychius thus explains it: ἀναλτον ἀναυξής· τέτ' ἐστὶν ἱκανόν, ἢ ἀπληρώτον περὶ τὴν αἰσιν. But there is undoubtedly an error in Hesychius; instead of ἱκανόν we should read ἰσχνόν, that is 'meagre,' or a 'stomach that appears always unfilled.' The general moral that we are to gather from the behaviour of Ulysses and Irus, is that insolence and boasting are signs of cowardice.

V. 156. *Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!*] There never was a finer lecture of morality read in any of the schools of the philosophers, than this which Ulysses delivers to Amphinomus: he ushers it in with great solemnity; and speaks to all mankind in the person of Amphinomus. It is quoted by a variety of authors: Pliny in his Preface to his Natural History, lib. 7, has wrote a dissertation on this sentence:

'Of all that breathes, or grov'ling creeps on earth,  
Most vain is man,' &c.

Aristotle and Maximus Tyrius quote it: and Plutarch twice refers to it. Homer considers man both with respect to the errors of the mind, and the calamities incident to the body; and upon a review of all mortal creatures, he attributes to man the unhappy superiority in miseries. But indeed Homer is so plain that he needs no interpretation; and any words but his own must disgrace him. Besides, this speech is beautiful in another view, and excellently sets forth the forgiving temper of Ulysses. He saw that all the sparks of virtue and humanity were not extinguished in Amphinomus; he therefore warns him with great solemnity to forsake the suitors: he imprints conviction upon his mind, though ineffectually; and shews by it that when he falls by the hand of Telemachus in the succeeding parts of the Odyssey, his death is not a revenge but a punishment.

V. 189. *With flatt'ring hopes the suitors to betray.*] The Greek is very concise, and the expression uncommon: Ὅπως μετασβείε θυμὸν μνηστήρων;—that is, Penelope thus acted that she might 'dilate the heart of the suitors:' meaning (as Eustathius observes) that she might give them false hopes by appearing in

their company; for the heart shrinks, and is contracted by sorrow and despair, and is again dilated by hope or joy. This is, I believe, literally true: the spirits flow briskly when we are in joy, and a new pulse is given to the blood, which necessarily must dilate the heart: on the contrary, when we are in sorrow the spirits are languid, and the blood moves less actively; and therefore the heart shrinks and contracts, the blood wanting vigour to dilate and expand it.

V. 191. *Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise.*] This is solely the act of Minerva; for Penelope is ignorant that she is to appear before her husband. This interview is excellently managed by Homer. Ulysses is to be convinced of his wife's fidelity. To bring this about, he introduces her upon the public stage, where her husband stands as a common unconcerned spectator, and hears her express her love for him in the warmest terms. Here is no room for art or design, because she is ignorant that she speaks before Ulysses; and therefore her words must be supposed to proceed from the heart. This gives us a reason why Homer makes her dwell at large upon her passion for Ulysses, and paint it in the strongest colours, viz. to evidence her chastity, and urge Ulysses to hasten the destruction of the suitors, by convincing him that she is able no longer to elude the marriage hour. But then it may be objected, if Penelope's sole design was to give a false hope to the suitors, does she not take a very wrong method, by speaking so very tenderly of Ulysses? is not this a more probable reason for despair, than hope? It is true, it would have been so, if in the conclusion of her speech she had not artfully added,

‘ But when my son grows man, the royal sway  
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day !’

So that Telemachus being now grown up to maturity, the suitors concluded that the nuptial hour was at hand. If then we consider the whole conduct of Penelope in this book, it must be allowed to be very refined and artful. She observes a due regard towards Ulysses, by shewing she is not to be persuaded to marry; and yet by the same words she gives the suitors hopes that the

day is almost come when she intends to celebrate her nuptials. She manages so dexterously, as to persuade without a promise: and for this reason the words are put into the mouth of Ulysses, and it is Ulysses who gives the hopes, rather than Penelope.

V. 193. *Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,  
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries.]*

Homer gives us a very beautiful and just image in these words. In the Iliad he used a similar expression concerning Andromache, *δακρυοισι γέλασσα*; 'a smile chastis'd with tears.' *Αχρεῖον δ' ὀγέλασσεν* here bears the same import.

V. 207. . . . . *To thee a son is giv'n,  
Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n.]*

I am not certain that this is the exact sense of Homer. Dacier understands him very differently. Eurynomé (observes that author) is not endeavouring to comfort Penelope because her son is now come to years of maturity; her purpose is, to shew the necessity she has to have recourse to art, to assist her beauty: for (adds she) your son is grown a man; meaning, that a lady who has a son twenty years old, must have lost her natural beauty, and has occasion to be obliged to art to give her an artificial one. This, I confess, is too true; but it seems a little too ludicrous for epic poetry. I have followed a different sense, that gives us a far nobler image; conformable to that verse of Horace:—

*Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,  
Quam sapere, &c. Ep. I. iv. 8.*

This agrees with the tenour of Euryclea's speech, and is a foundation of great comfort to Penelope.

V. 221. *O'er all her senses, as the couch she prest,  
She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.]*

This is an admirable stroke of art, to shew the determined resolution of Penelope, to forbear the endeavour of making her person agreeable in any eyes but those of Ulysses: a goddess is obliged to cast her into an involuntary repose, and to supply an adventitious grace while she sleeps.

V. 233. *Then to the skies her flight Minerva bends.*] We see Penelope is a woman of so much wisdom, as to be the favourite of Minerva. She acts in every point with the highest discretion, and is inconsolable for her husband; yet the poet forbears to let her into the secret that Ulysses is returned: this is undoubtedly an intended satire, and Homer means, that a woman in every point discreet is still to be suspected of loquacity: this seems to have been the real sentiment of Homer, which he more fully declares in the eleventh Odyssey:

‘When earnest to explore thy secret breast,  
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest;  
For since of womankind so few are just,  
Think all are false, nor e’en the faithful trust.’

V. 275. . . . . *this wrong proceeds  
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.*]

Eustathius informs us, that we are here to understand the fray between Irus and Ulysses. Penelope refers to the violence intended to be offered to Ulysses, when the footstool was thrown at him by Antinous; we find that she was acquainted with that assault from her speech in the preceding book. In reality, the queen was ignorant of the combat between Irus and Ulysses: but Telemachus misunderstands her design, and makes an apology for the suitors; fearing to raise a further disorder, or provoke them to some more violent act of resentment.

V. 289. . . . . *all Greece would own thy sway, &c.*] Homer expresses Greece by *Ἰάσων Ἀργεῖ*, Iasian Argos. The word properly (as Eustathius observes) denotes the Morea or Peloponnesus, so called from Iäsus the son of Argus, and Io king of that country. Strabo agrees with Eustathius.

V. 313. *But when my son grows man, the royal sway  
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day.*]

The original says, ‘resign the palace to Telemachus.’ This is spoken according to the customs of antiquity: the wife, upon her second marriage, being obliged to resign the house to the heir of the family. This circumstance is inserted with great judgment:



the suitors were determined to seize it upon marriage with Penelope, as appears from the second Odyssey :

‘ What mighty labours would he then create,  
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,  
The royal palace to the queen convey,  
Or him she blesses on the bridal day ?’

Penelope therefore by this declaration gives the suitors to understand, that the palace belonged not to her, but Telemachus. This assertion has a double effect; it is intended to make the suitors less warm in their addresses; or if they persist, to set the injustice done to Telemachus in open view. The beauty of the speeches of Penelope is so obvious that it needs no explanation; Homer gives her a very amiable character. She is good in every relation of life; merciful to the poor and stranger, a tender mother, and an affectionate wife: every period is almost a lecture of morality :

‘ My father, mother, all, I trust to thee;  
To them, to them transfer the love of me.’

This shews the duty of the child to the parent. It may be extended to all persons to whom we owe any duty. And humanity requires that we should endeavour to ease the burden of our friends in proportion to their calamities; we should at all times consult their happiness, but chiefly in the hour of adversity. A friend should be a support to lean upon in all our infirmities.

V. 325. *Well pleas'd Ulysses hears his queen deceive  
The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give.]*

This conduct may appear somewhat extraordinary both in Penelope and Ulysses; she not only takes, but asks presents from persons whom she never intends to marry. Is not this a sign either of avarice or falsehood? and is not Ulysses equally guilty, who rejoices at it? But in reality, Penelope is no way faulty: she deceives the suitors with hopes of marriage by accepting these presents; but it is for this sole reason that she accepts them; she intends to give them false hopes, and by that method to defer the nuptial hour: it is not injustice, but an equitable reprisal; they

had violently wasted her treasures, and she artfully recovers part of them by a piece of refined management. Dacier defends her after another method: she believes that Penelope thus acts, not out of interest but honour; it was a disgrace to so great a princess to have so many admirers, and never to receive from their hands such presents as custom not only allows, but commands; neither is Ulysses blameable, who rejoices at his wife's policy. He understood her intent, and being artful himself, smiles to see her artfulness.

Plutarch in his treatise of reading Poets, vindicates Ulysses very much in the same way.

V. 355. *Three vases heap'd with copious fires display  
O'er all the palace a fictitious day.]*

The word in the Greek is *λαμπτήρ*, or a vase which was placed upon a tripod, upon which the ancients burnt dry and oftentimes odoriferous wood, to give at once both perfume and light. Eustathius explains it by *χυτροπέρας*, or a vessel raised on feet in the nature of an hearth. Hesychius explains *λαμπτήρ*, an hearth placed in the middle of the house or hall, on which they burnt dry wood with intermingled torches to enlighten it. It is strange that there is no mention of 'lamps,' but only 'torches,' in Homer. Undoubtedly lamps were not yet in use in Greece; although much earlier found out by the Hebrews: thus Exod. xxv. 6, oil is mentioned, and enjoined to be used in giving light to the sanctuary.

V. 359. . . . . *Ill suits your sex to stay  
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away!]*

Homer is perpetually giving us lessons of decency and morality. It may be thought that this interlude between Ulysses and the damsels of Penelope is foreign to the action of the Odyssey; but in reality it is far from it: the poet undertook to describe the disorders which the absence of a prince occasions in his family. This passage is an instance of it; and Homer with good judgment makes these wantons declare their contempt of Ulysses, and their favour to their suitors, that we may acknowledge the justice of their punishment in the subsequent parts of the Odyssey.

V. 377. *Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair ;  
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.]*

I flatter myself that I have given the true sense of χαλκεῖος δομεῖον, and λεισχῆ. In Greece the beggars in winter retired by night to public forges for their warmth; or to some rendezvous where they entertained themselves as it were in a common assembly. Eustathius explains λεισχῆ to be 'a public place without any doors, where beggars were used to lodge.' Hesychius gives us several interpretations of the word: that it signifies an assembly; a conversation. It implies also public stoves or baths; and Eustathius informs us, from Aristophanes, that beggars used to take up their lodgings in the public baths, as well as in these places mentioned by Homer. Χαλκεῖος δομεῖον is an office of men that work in brass. He further observes that these two places are used after the same manner in Hesiod:

Παρ δ' ἰθὶ χαλκεῖον, θάκον καὶ ἐπ' ἀλεα λεισχῆν  
Ὡς ἡ χειμερῆ, ὅποτε κρυθεῖ ἀνέρας εἰργον  
Ἰσχανεὶ . . . . .

It may not be improper to observe, that παρ δ' ἰθὶ θάκον χαλκεῖον is very ill translated by 'Accede ænzam sedem,' in the Latin version; it should be, 'fuge officinam ærariam.'

V. 381. *Is it that vanquish'd Irus swells thy mind?] The word in Homer is αλυής; which is used in various places. Sometimes (observes Plutarch in his treatise upon reading Poets) it signifies 'being disquieted in mind:'*

Ὡς ἔφατ' ἡ δ' αλυεσ' ἀπέβησατο, τείρετο δ' αἰνῶς.

In other places it implies 'an insolent joy, or boasting;' and then he quotes this verse,

Ἡ αλυής ὅτι ἱρὸν ἐνίκησας.

V. 395. *And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs  
To rouse Ulysses, points the suitors' tongues.]*

It may be thought very unjustifiable in Homer to introduce Minerva exciting the suitors to violence. Dacier defends the poet by shewing that the sentiment is conformable to true theology: and

the all-wise Author of our being is pleased sometimes to harden the hearts of the wicked (or rather to permit them to harden their own hearts), that they may fill up the measure of their crimes, and be ripe for judgment. Yet we are not to imagine, that any person is necessitated to be wicked: it is not the hardening the heart that originally makes men impious; but they are first impious, and then they are delivered over to an hardness of heart.

V. 400. *Some god, no doubt, this stranger kindly sends.*] Aristotle affirms that Homer is the father of poetry, not only of the epic, but also of the dramatic; that he taught how to write tragedy in the Iliad, and comedy by several short sketches in the Odyssey. Eustathius here remarks, that he likewise gave a model for satire, of which the Cyclops of Euripides, still extant, is an example (which is a satiric poem founded upon the story of Polypheme in Homer). I confess my eye is not sharp enough to see the dignity of these railleses: and it may be thought that Homer is the father of another kind of poetry; I mean the farce; and that these low conceits are no way to be justified, but by being put into the mouths of the suitors, persons of no dignity or character. Longinus brings such descriptions of the suitors, as instances of the decay of Homer's genius. When that declines (observes that author) poets commonly please themselves with painting manners; such is Homer's description of the lives led by the suitors in the palace of Ulysses; for in reality all that description is a kind of comedy, wherein the different characters of men are painted.

V. 401. *The shining baldness of his head survey:*

*It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.]*

This in Dacier's judgment is a raillery purely satirical; it is drawn from the shining gloss of an old man's bald head. But if this be purely satirical, to be a satirist is to be a bad man: to rally natural infirmities is inhumanity: old age is venerable, and the bald head as well as the gray hair is an honour, and ought not to be the subject of raillery. I doubt not but Homer put it into the mouth of Eurymachus to make him more odious: and to shew us that the same man who invades his prince's property,

insults the stranger, and outrages the poor, pays no deference to old age; but is base enough to condemn what he ought to honour. Vice and folly are the province of satire; not human infirmity.

V. 412. . . . . *were both constrain'd to wield,  
Foodless, the scythe along the burden'd field.*]

I doubt not but such employments as these, now only suitable to low life, will seem mean to many readers, and unworthy of the dignity of epic poetry: it is no defence to say that they are mentioned by a beggar, and therefore agreeable to his character: the words are addressed to a prince, and suppose that a skill in such works was not unusual to persons of eminent stations; otherwise the challenge of Ulysses is ridiculously absurd. Who could forbear laughing, if he should hear one of our beggars challenge a peer, to plough or mow with him all day without eating? The truth is, the greatest persons followed such employments without any diminution of their dignities; nay, a skill in such works as agriculture was a glory even to a king: Homer here places it upon a level with military science; and the knowledge of the cultivation of the ground is equalled to glory in war. In the preface to the pastorals of Virgil (but not written by Mr. Dryden); there is a passage that shews that the same simplicity of manners prevailed amongst the ancient Latins, as amongst the ancient Greeks.

V. 457. *Force I forbear; and without force obey.*] This is very artful in Telemachus. He had spoken very warmly in defence of Ulysses; and he apprehends lest he should have provoked the suitors too far: he therefore softens his expression, to avoid suspicions of a latent cause, why he interests himself so vigorously in vindication of a beggar, against the princes of the country. Besides, too obstinate an opposition might have provoked the suitors to have continued all night in the palace; which would have hindered Ulysses and Telemachus from concerting their measures to bring about their destruction. Telemachus therefore, to induce them to withdraw, uses menaces; but menaces approaching to persuasion: if he had used violence, matters must immediately have come to extremities.

V. 470. *Each peer successive his libation pours  
To the blest gods . . . . .]*

We have already observed that libations were made to the gods before and after meals; here we see the suitors offer their libation before they retire to repose. We are not to ascribe this religious act to the piety of these debauchees, but to the customs of the times: they practise not true religion, but only the exteriors of it; they are not pious, but fashionable.

The action of this book is comprehended in a very short duration of time; it begins towards the close of the day, and ends at the time when the suitors withdraw to repose; this is the evening and part of the night of the thirty-ninth day.

In general, this book is in the Greek very beautiful. The combat between Irus and Ulysses is naturally described: it is indeed between beggars; but yet not without dignity; it being almost of the same nature with the single combats practised amongst heroes in their most solemn games; as is evident from that in the *Iliad*, at the funeral of Patroclus. I could wish Homer had not condescended to those low jests and mean railleries towards the conclusion. It is true, they are not without effect, as they agree with the characters of the suitors, and make Ulysses a spectator of the disorders of his own family, and provoke him to a speedy vengeance. But might not more serious provocations have been found out, such as might become the gravity and majesty of epic poetry? or if gaiety was essential to his characters, are quibbles so too? These may be thought to be of the same level with those conceits which Milton puts into the mouth of the devil; and which disgrace his poem. But the dignity, the tenderness, and justness of the sentiments, in all the speeches of Penelope, more than atone for the low railleries of Eurymachus.





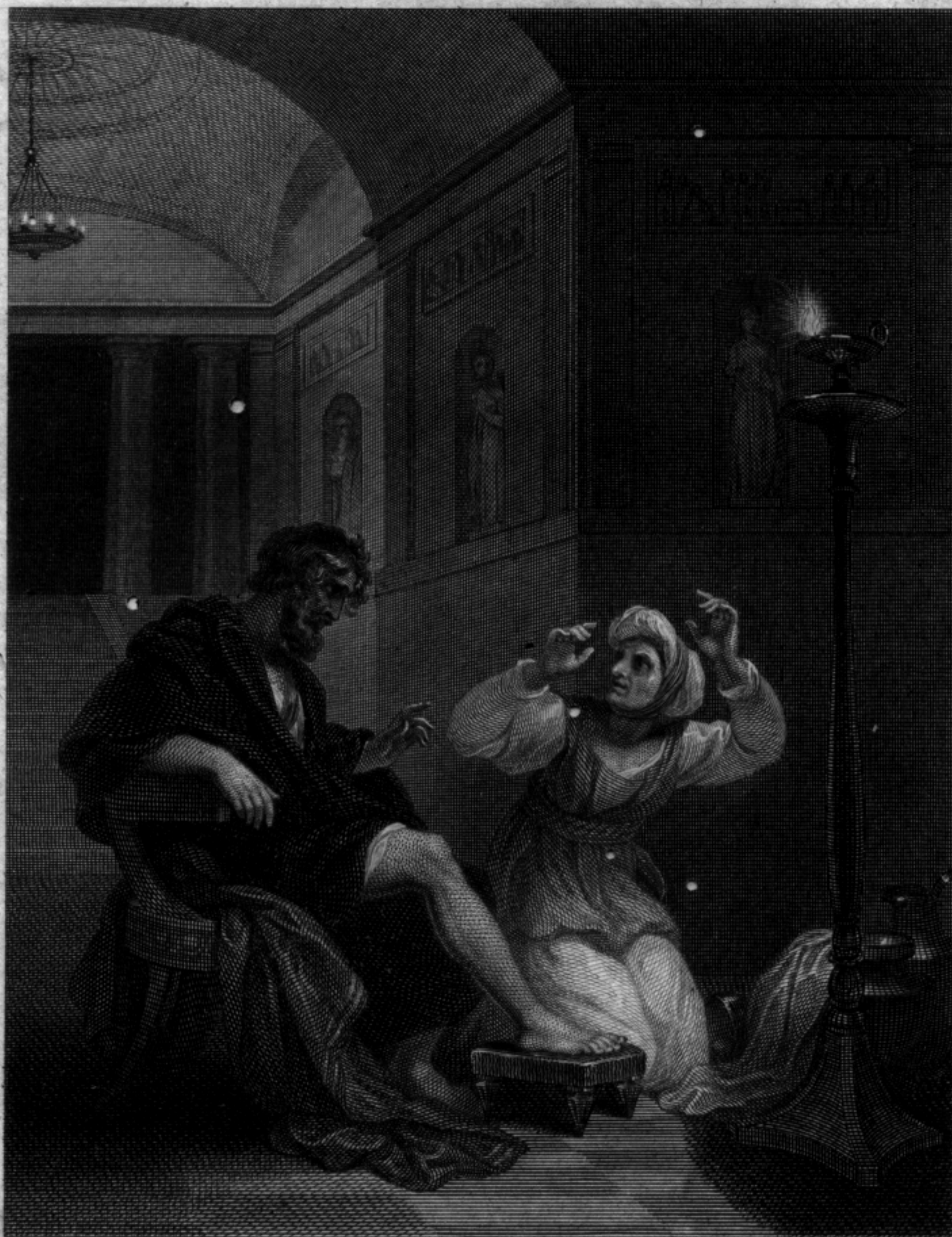
THE  
NINETEENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

### THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

ULYSSES and his son remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulysses in conversation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, and describes exactly his person and dress; affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea; who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.





*Painted by Robt. Smirke R.A.*

*Engraved by Chas. Warren.*



## BOOK XIX.

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd maid,  
Still in the dôme divine Ulysses staid:  
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;  
And thus the son the fervent sire addrest:

Instant convey those stately stores of war     5  
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:  
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,  
To sooth their fears a specious reason feign:  
Say, since Ulysses left his natal coast,  
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,     10  
His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn:  
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.  
Suggest, that Jove the peaceful thought inspir'd,  
Lest they by sight of swords to fury fir'd,  
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,     15  
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.

The prince obedient to the sage command,  
To Euryclea thus:—The female band  
In their apartments keep: secure the doors:  
These swarthy arms among the covert stores     20  
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame,  
Imbrown'd with vapour of the smould'ring flame.

In happy hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries),  
 Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!  
 Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care, 25  
 Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.  
 But who the lighted taper will provide,  
 (The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?

Without infringing hospitable right,  
 This guest (he cried) shall bear the guiding light.  
 I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast; 31  
 They shone the meal that earn it ere they taste.

He said:—from female ken she straight secures  
 The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:  
 Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears 35  
 The plummy-crested helms, and pointed spears,  
 With shields indented deep in glorious wars.  
 Minerva viewless on her charge attends,  
 And with her golden lamp his toil befriends.  
 Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere 40  
 Gild the gross vapour of this nether sphere!  
 A present deity the prince confess'd,  
 And rapt with ecstasy the sire address'd:

What miracle thus dazzles with surprise!  
 Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise: 45  
 The walls, where'er my wond'ring sight I turn,  
 And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!

Some visitant of pure ethereal race  
 With his bright presence deigns the dome to grace.

Be calm, replies the sire; to none impart, 50  
 But oft revolve the vision in thy heart.  
 Celestials, mantled in excess of light,  
 Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.  
 Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,  
 T' explore the conduct of the female train: 55  
 The pensive queen perchance desires to know  
 The series of my toils, to sooth her woe.

With tapers flaming day his train attends;  
 His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:  
 Soft slumb'rous shades his drooping eye-lids close,  
 Till on her eastern throne Aurora glows. 61

Whilst, forming plans of death, Ulysses staid  
 In council secret with the martial maid,  
 Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait  
 The queen, descending from her bow'r of state.  
 Her cheeks the warmer blush of Venus wear, 66  
 Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.  
 An iv'ry seat with silver ringlets grac'd,  
 By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:  
 With iv'ry silver'd thick the footstool shone, 70  
 O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.

The sov'reign seat with graceful air she press'd.  
 To diff'rent tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:  
 The golden goblets some, and some restor'd  
 From stains of luxury the polish'd board: 75  
 These to remove th' expiring embers came,  
 While those with unctious fir foment the flame.

'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien  
 Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:  
 Avaunt, she cried, offensive to my sight! 80  
 Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,  
 Into the woman-state asquint to pry;  
 A day-devourer, and an ev'ning spy!  
 Vagrant, begone! before this blazing brand  
 Shall urge—and wav'd it hissing in her hand. 85

Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,  
 And, Why so turbulent of soul? he cries;  
 Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,  
 These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?  
 In crowds, we wear the badge of hungry fate; 90  
 And beg, degraded from superior state!  
 Constrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live;  
 Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give.  
 A palace, wealth, and slaves I late possess'd,  
 And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd:



My gate, an emblem of my open soul, 96  
 Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.  
 Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!  
 'Tis Jove's high will; and be his will obey'd!  
 Nor think thyself exempt:—that rosy prime 100  
 Must share the gen'ral doom of with'ring time.  
 To some new channel soon, the changeful tide  
 Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;  
 And her lov'd lord unplume thy tow'ring pride.  
 Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware: 105  
 Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;  
 Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;  
 Potent to punish what he cannot praise.

Her keen reproach had reach'd the sov'reign's  
 ear:—

Loquacious insolent! she cries, forbear: 110  
 To thee the purpose of my soul I told;  
 Venial discourse, unblam'd, with him to hold:  
 The storied labours of my wand'ring lord,  
 To sooth my grief he haply may record.  
 Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:  
 Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue! 116  
 But thou, on whom my palace-cares depend,  
 Eurynomè, regard the stranger-friend:

A seat, soft spread with furry spoils, prepare;  
 Due-distant, for us both to speak and hear. 120

The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:  
 A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:  
 Due-distant for discourse the hero sat;  
 When thus the sov'reign from her chair of state:  
 Reveal, obsequious to my first demand, 125  
 Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.

He thus: **O queen!** whose far-resounding fame  
 Is bounded **only by the starry frame,**  
 Consummate pattern of imperial sway,  
 Whose pious rule a warlike race obey! 130  
 In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;  
 Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:  
 With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;  
 And fish of ev'ry fin thy seas afford: 134  
 Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess,  
 And bless the pow'r that still delights to bless.  
 Gracious permit this pray'r, imperial dame!  
 Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:  
 Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;  
 In sweet oblivion let my sorrows sleep! 140  
 My woes awak'd will violate your ear;  
 And to this gay censorious train appear  
 A winy vapour melting in a tear.

Their gifts the gods resum'd (the queen rejoin'd),  
 Exterior grace, and energy of mind, 145  
 When the dear partner of my nuptial joy  
 Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.  
 My lord's protecting hand alone would raise  
 My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!  
 Peers from the distant Samian shore resort; 150  
 Here, with Dulichians join'd, besiege the court:  
 Zacynthus, green with ever-shady groves,  
 And Ithaca, presumptuous boast their loves:  
 Obtruding on my choice a second lord,  
 They press the hymenæan rite abhorr'd. 155  
 Mis-rule thus mingling with domestic cares,  
 I live regardless of my state affairs:  
 Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;  
 But ever for my lord in secret grieve!—  
 This art, instinct by some celestial pow'r, 160  
 I tried, elusive of the bridal hour:  
 'Ye peers, I cry, who press to gain a heart  
 Where dead Ulysses claims no future part,  
 Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,  
 Till this funereal web my labours end: 165  
 Cease, till to good Laertes I bequeath  
 A pall of state, the ornament of death.

For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame  
 With just reproach were licens'd to defame,  
 Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,  
 Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.'  
 The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;  
 The night still ravell'd, what the day renew'd.  
 Three years successful in my art conceal'd,  
 My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd: 175  
 Befriended by my own domestic spies,  
 The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprise.  
 From nuptial rites they now no more recede,  
 And fear forbids to falsify the brede.  
 My anxious parents urge a speedy choice, 180  
 And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:  
 For rule mature, Telemachus deplores  
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—  
 But, stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,  
 Divide discourse; in turn thy birth relate: 185  
 Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race;  
 No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.

Princess! he cries, renew'd by your command,  
 The dear remembrance of my native land,  
 Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source; 190  
 And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!

So pays the wretch, whom fate constrains to roam,  
 The dues of nature to his natal home!—  
 But inward on my soul let sorrow prey;  
 Your sov'reign will my duty bids obey. 195

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!  
 And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:  
 Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names  
 In various tongues avow their various claims:  
 Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew, 200  
 And bold Pelasgi boast a native's due:  
 The Dorians, plam'd amid the files of war,  
 Her foodful glebe with fierce Achæians share:  
 Cnossus, her capital of high command;  
 Where sceptred Minos with impartial hand 205  
 Divided right; each ninth revolving year,  
 By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.  
 His son Deucalion bore successive sway;  
 His son, who gave me first to view the day!  
 The royal bed an elder issue blest, 210  
 Idomeneus; whom Ilian fields attest  
 Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil  
 I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,  
 Studios of peace; and Æthon is my name.  
 'Twas then to Crete the great Ulysses came; 215

For elemental war, and wint'ry Jove,  
 From Malea's gusty cape his navy drove  
 To bright Lucina's fane; the shelfy coast  
 Where loud Amnisus in the deep is lost.  
 His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!) 220  
 The hero speeded to the Cnossian court:  
 Ardent the partner of his arms to find;  
 In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.  
 Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand  
 Since my brave brother with his Cretan band 225  
 Had sail'd for Troy: but to the genial feast  
 My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest.  
 Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign,  
 A public treat, with jars of gen'rous wine.  
 Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aërial space,  
 My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace: 231  
 And when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,  
 He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian shore.

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,  
 With fair similitude of truth beguiles 235  
 The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,  
 From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.  
 As snows collected on a mountain freeze;  
 When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,

The fleecy pile obeys the whisp'ring gales,      240  
 Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:  
 So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,  
 Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:  
 She to her present lord laments him lost,  
 And views that object which she wants the most!  
 With'ring at heart to see the weeping fair,      246  
 His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare:  
 Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,  
 Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;  
 Firm wisdom interdicts the soft'ning tear.      250  
 A speechless interval of grief ensues,  
 Till thus the queen the tender theme renews:  
     Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof  
 Ulysses grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:  
 Delineate to my view my warlike lord;      255  
 His form, his habit, and his train record.  
     'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden sight  
 Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:  
 Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,  
 Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd:  
 But what I can, receive:—In ample mode,      261  
 A robe of military purple flow'd  
 O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast  
 The double-clasping gold the king confest



In the rich woof a hound, Mosaic drawn,      265  
 Bore on full stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn:  
 Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;  
 They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.  
 Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone  
 A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:      270  
 The female train, who round him throng'd to gaze,  
 In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.  
 A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,  
 I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:  
 A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,      275  
 'Dimension'd equal to his size, exprest  
 Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.  
 A fav'rite herald in his train I knew,  
 His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:  
 Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,  
 O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread:      281  
 Eurybates! in whose large soul alone  
 Ulysses view'd an image of his own.

His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd;  
 In all he told she recogniz'd her lord:      285  
 But when the storm was spent in plenteous show'rs,  
 A pause inspiriting her languish'd pow'rs;  
 O thou, she cried, whom first inclement fate  
 Made welcome to my hospitable gate;      289

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end;  
 Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!  
 The vest much envied on your native coast,  
 And regal robe with figur'd gold embost,  
 In happier hours my artful hand employ'd, 294  
 When my lov'd lord this blissful bow'r enjoy'd:  
 The fall of Troy, erroneous and forlorn  
 Doom'd to survive, and never to return!

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!  
 Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,  
 From the devouring rage of grief reclaim. 300  
 I not the fondness of your soul reprove  
 For such a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love  
 With the dear blessing of a fair increase;  
 Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace:  
 Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend: 305  
 Truth forms my tale; to pleasing truth attend.  
 The royal object of your dearest care,  
 Breathes in no distant clime the vital air;  
 In rich Thesprotia, and the nearer bound  
 Of Thessaly, his name I heard renown'd: 310  
 Without retinue, to that friendly shore  
 Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store!  
 His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey  
 On herds devoted to the god of day,

Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' just decree,  
 To perish in the rough Trinacrian sea. 316  
 To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,  
 A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,  
 And rode the storm; till by the billows tost,  
 He landed on the fair Phæacian coast. 320  
 That race, who emulate the life of gods,  
 Receive him joyous to their blest abodes:  
 Large gifts confer; a ready sail command,  
 To speed his voyage to the Grecian strand.  
 But your wise lord (in whose capacious soul 325  
 High schemes of pow'r in just succession roll)  
 His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring fate,  
 Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.  
 Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sov'reign sway  
 Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey: 330  
 And bade the gods this added truth attest,  
 (While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)  
 That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,  
 To waft the hero to his natal land.  
 I for Dulichium urge the wat'ry way; 335  
 But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:  
 So rich the value of a store so vast,  
 Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!

The darling object of your royal love,  
 Was journey'd thence to Dodoncan Jove;   340  
 By the sure precept of the silvan shrine,  
 To form the conduct of his great design:  
 Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd  
 In dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd.  
 Thus lives your lord: nor longer doom'd to roam,  
 Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.   346  
 By Jove, the source of good, supreme in pow'r!  
 By the blest genius of this friendly bow'r!  
 I ratify my speech: before the sun  
 His annual longitude of heav'n shall run;   350  
 When the pale empress of yon starry train  
 In the next month renews her faded wane,  
 Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.

What thanks, what boon, replied the queen,  
           are due,

When time shall prove the storied blessing true!  
 My lord's return should fate no more retard,   356  
 Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.  
 But my prophetic fears, alas! presage  
 The wounds of destiny's relentless rage.  
 I long must weep! nor will Ulysses come,   360  
 With royal gifts to send you honour'd home!—

Your other task, ye menial train, forbear :  
 Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare ;  
 With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn :  
 Up-rising early with the purple morn,            365  
 His sinews shrunk with age, and stiff with toil,  
 In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.  
 Then with Telemachus the social feast  
 Partaking free, my sole invited guest,  
 Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,        370  
 The breach of hospitable right may rue.  
 The vulgar of my sex I most exceed  
 In real fame, when most humane my deed :  
 And vainly to the praise of queen aspire,  
 If, stranger ! I permit that mean attire,            375  
 Beneath the feastful bow'r.—A narrow space  
 Confines the circle of our destin'd race ;  
 'Tis ours, with good the scanty round to grace.  
 Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,  
 Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curse pursues ;        380  
 By death dis-rob'd of all their savage pow'rs,  
 Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.  
 But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,  
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend ;—  
 The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,        385  
 And distant tongues extol the patron-name.

Princess, he cried, in vain your bounties flow  
 On me, confirm'd and obstinate in woe.  
 When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view, 389  
 And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew,  
 These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)  
 I chose, the liv'ry of a woeful mind!  
 Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate  
 With splendid palls and canopies of state: 394  
 Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,  
 And catch the glances of the waking morn,  
 The delicacy of your courtly train  
 To wash a wretched wand'rer would disdain:  
 But if, in track of long experience tried,  
 And sad similitude of woes allied, 400  
 Some wretch reluctant views aërial light,  
 To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.  
 Pleas'd with his wise reply, the queen rejoin'd:  
 Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,  
 In all who grac'd this hospitable bow'r 405  
 I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.  
 Such servant as your humble choice requires,  
 To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,  
 New from the birth: and with a mother's hand  
 His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd: 410

Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;  
 Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd,  
 Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—  
 Rise, Euryclea! with officious care  
 For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:  
 This debt his correspondent fortunes claim: 416  
 Too like Ulysses!—and perhaps the same!  
 Thus, old with woes my fancy paints him now!  
 For age untimely marks the careful brow.

Instant, obsequious to the mild command, 420  
 Sad Euryclea rose: with trembling hand  
 She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;  
 And thus impassion'd to herself replies:  
 Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!  
 What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!  
 Are thus by Jove who constant-beg his aid, 426  
 With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?  
 He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane  
 Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:  
 There oft implor'd his tutelary pow'r, 430  
 Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;  
 That form'd for empire with paternal care,  
 His realm might recognize an equal heir.  
 O destin'd head! The pious vows are lost;  
 His god forgets him on a foreign coast!— 435



Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride  
 The rich insult him, and the young deride!  
 Conscious of worth revil'd, thy gen'rous mind  
 The friendly rite of purity declin'd;  
 My will concurring with my queen's command,  
 Accept the bath from this obsequious hand. 441  
 A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;  
 In thy whole form Ulysses seems exprest:  
 Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,  
 None imag'd e'er like thee my master lost. 445

Thus half discover'd through the dark disguise,  
 With cool composure feign'd, the chief replies:  
 You join your suffrage to the public vote;  
 The same you think, have all beholders thought.

He said: replenish'd from the purest springs,  
 The laver straight with busy care she brings: 451  
 In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,  
 The boiling fluid temperates the cold.  
 Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind  
 The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd,  
 His face averting from the crackling blaze, 456  
 His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.  
 Thus cautious in th' obscure he hop'd to fly  
 The curious search of Euryclea's eye.

Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find 460  
 The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.  
 This on Parnassus (combating the boar)  
 With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.  
 Attended by his brave maternal race,  
 His grandsire sent him to the silvan chace, 465  
 Autolycus the bold (a mighty name  
 For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame:  
 Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd,  
 Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to load).  
 His course to Ithaca this hero sped, 470  
 When the first product of Laertes' bed  
 Was new disclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,  
 When Euryclea from the queen descends,  
 And to his fond embrace the babe commends.  
 'Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son; 475  
 And name the blessing that your pray'rs have won.'  
 Then thus the hoary chief:—'My victor arms  
 Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:  
 A sure memorial of my dreaded fame  
 The boy shall bear; Ulysses be his name! 480  
 And when with filial love the youth shall come  
 To view his mother's soil, my Delphic dome  
 With gifts of price shall send him joyous home.'

Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime  
 Ended in man, his mother's natal clime 485  
 Ulysses sought; with fond affection dear  
 Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:  
 Her ancient lord \* an equal joy possest;  
 Instant he bade prepare the genial feast:  
 A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled, 490  
 Whose stately growth five flow'ry summers fed:  
 His sons divide, and roast with artful care  
 The limbs: then all the tasteful viands share.  
 Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul)  
 Till Phœbus wheeling to the western goal 495  
 Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole.  
 Their drooping eyes the slumb'rous shade opprest,  
 Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.

Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,  
 Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night;  
 Ulysses, and his brave maternal race, 501  
 The young Autolyçi, assay the chace.  
 Parnassus, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,  
 With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop in-  
 vades;

What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,  
 Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam. 506

\* Autolycus.

The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;  
 The thorny wilds the woodmen fierce assail;  
 And foremost of the train, his cornel spear  
 Ulysses wav'd, to rouse the savage war 510  
 Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,  
 A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:  
 Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thund'rous show'r,  
 Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bow'r,  
 With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store! 515  
 The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar!  
 Rous'd by the hounds' and hunters' mingling cries,  
 The savage from his leafy shelter flies:  
 With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,  
 And bristles high empale his horrid chine. 520  
 Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,  
 Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;  
 The savage renders vain the wound decreed,  
 And springs impetuous with opponent speed!  
 His tusks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore; 525  
 Aslope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,  
 And bar'd the bone:—Ulysses undismay'd,  
 Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd:  
 To the right shoulder-joint the spear apply'd,  
 His further flank with streaming purple dy'd: 530

On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain.  
 With joy, and vast surprise, th' applauding train  
 View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.  
 With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound;  
 Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound 535  
 Of sacred melody confess'd the force;  
 The tides of life regain'd their azure course.  
 Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim:  
 Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,  
 Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome  
 With added gifts return'd him glorious home. 541  
 He safe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,  
 Relates the chace, and early praise achiev'd.

Deep o'er his knee inseam'd, remain'd the scar:  
 Which noted token of the woodland war 545  
 When Euryclea found, th' ablution ceas'd;  
 Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd:  
 The mingled fluids from the vase redound;  
 The vase reclining floats the floor around!♦  
 Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife exprest  
 Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast. 551  
 Her flatt'ring words in melting murmurs died;  
 At length abrupt—my son!—my king!—she cried.  
 His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,  
 Full on the queen her raptur'd eye she cast, 555

Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd:  
 But studious to conceal her royal lord,  
 Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,  
 And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.  
 His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,       560  
 Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the hero cried:  
 Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:  
 And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd  
 To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?  
 An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,       565  
 Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:  
 At length return'd, some god inspires thy breast  
 To know thy king, and here I stand confest.  
 This heav'n-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,  
 Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind:       570  
 Else if the gods my vengeful arm sustain,  
 And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train,  
 With their lewd mates thy undistinguish'd age  
 Shall bleed, a victim to vindictive rage.       574

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:  
 What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe?  
 Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd;  
 With ribs of steel, and marble heart immur'd.  
 When heav'n, auspicious to thy right avow'd,  
 Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd,       580

The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;  
 The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.

Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;  
 My own experience shall their doom decide;  
 A witness-judge precludes a long appeal: 585  
 Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.

He said: obsequious with redoubled pace,  
 She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:  
 The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil  
 With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil. 590  
 Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,  
 His former seat receiv'd the stranger-guest;  
 Whom thus with pensive air the queen addrest:

Though night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,  
 Your drooping eyes with soft oppression seize,  
 A while, reluctant to her pleasing force, 596  
 Suspend the restful hour with sweet discourse.  
 The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)  
 My menials, and domestic cares employ:  
 And, unattended by sincere repose, 600  
 The night assists my ever-wakeful woes:

When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,  
 My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.  
 As when the months are clad in flow'ry green,  
 Sad Philomel, in bow'ry shades unseen, 605



To vernal airs attunes her varied strains,  
 And Itylus sounds warbling o'er the plains:  
 Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!  
 Whom chance misled the mother to destroy:  
 Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous  
                   boy. 610

So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,  
 A sad variety of woes I mourn!  
 My mind reflective, in a thorny maze  
 Devious from care to care incessant strays.  
 Now, wav'ring doubt succeeds to long despair:  
 Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere; 616  
 And joining to my son's my menial train,  
 Partake his councils, and assist his reign?  
 Or, since mature in manhood, he deplores  
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores; 620  
 Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord,  
 And from the peers select the noblest lord;  
 So by my choice avow'd, at length decide  
 These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride?  
 A visionary thought I'll now relate; 625  
 Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate.

    A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)  
 Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,

Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of Jove  
 Fierce from his mountain-cyrie downward drove;  
 Each fav'rite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,  
 And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.  
 My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,  
 To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:  
 With tender sympathy to soothe my soul, 635  
 A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.  
 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,  
 Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:  
 Perch'd on the battlements he thus began  
 (In form an eagle, but in voice a man): 640  
 O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky  
 I come, prophetic of approaching joy:  
 View in this plummy form thy victor lord;  
 The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,  
 Portend the suitors fated to my sword. 645  
 This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd.  
 When from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,  
 Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train  
 I found, insatiate of the golden grain.

The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies) 650  
 Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:  
 Ulysses speaks his own return decreed;  
 And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.

Hard is the task, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,  
 Impending destinies in dreams to find! 655  
 Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep,  
 Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:  
 Of iv'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,  
 Of winged lies a light fantastic train:  
 The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn, 660  
 And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn;  
 Where images of truth for passage wait,  
 With visions manifest of future fate.  
 Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,  
 Which spoke Ulysses to his realm restor'd: 665  
 Delusive semblance!—But my remnant life  
 Heav'n shall determine in a gameful strife:  
 With that fam'd bow Ulysses taught to bend,  
 For me the rival archers shall contend.  
 As on the listed field he us'd to place 670  
 Six beams, oppos'd to six in equal space;  
 Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,  
 Sure through six circlets flew the whizzing dart:  
 So, when the sun restores the purple day,  
 Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:  
 To him the spousal honour is decreed, 676  
 Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.

Torn from these walls (where long the kinder pow'rs  
 With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)  
 On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;  
 The pleasure past supplies a copious theme  
 For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful  
 dream!

Propose the sportive lot, the chief replies,  
 Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:  
 Ulysses will surprise th' unfinish'd game 685  
 Avow'd, and falsify the suitors' claim.

To whom with grace serene the queen rejoin'd:  
 In all thy speech what pleasing force I find!  
 O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,  
 I part reluctant from the pleasing tale. 690  
 But heav'n, that knows what all terrestrials need,  
 Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:  
 Grateful vicissitude!—Yet me withdrawn,  
 Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn,  
 Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy 695  
 Estrang'd, since dear Ulysses sail'd to Troy!  
 Meantime instructed is the menial tribe  
 Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.

Thus affable, her bow'r the queen ascends;  
 The sov'reign step a beauteous train attends: 700

There imag'd to her soul Ulysses rose;  
Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows:  
Till soft oblivious shade Minerva spread,  
And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

## SELECT NOTES

TO

### BOOK XIX.

THE scene still continues in the palace of Ulysses; but new persons are introduced, to carry on the action, and diversify the story. This book opens with a repetition from the sixteenth. The ancients marked it with an asterism, without any obelisk, to shew that it was here inserted with propriety. As we draw nearer the conclusion of the poem, the repetitions are more frequent. Virgil has generally avoided them. And indeed it may be observed, that these two poets differ in nothing more than the manner of their elocution: Virgil is full; but Homer even overflows. Homer is like those painters of whom Apelles used to complain, that they left nothing to be imagined by the spectator, and made too accurate representations; but Virgil is like Timantes in Pliny. ‘Timanti plurimum adfuit ingenii: in omnibus operibus ejus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur:’ and again, ‘ostendit etiam quæ occultat.’

Eustathius observes, that the unexpected opportunity to remove the arms in the absence of the suitors, occasions this repetition: in the sixteenth book Ulysses told Telemachus he would give a sign when he should make the removal, despairing of an opportunity to give a public direction, without danger from the suitors; he therefore wisely lays hold of the present hour, which happily favours his desires, and enjoins the arms to be removed immediately.

V. 18. . . . . *the female band*

*In their apartments keep, &c.]*

It is not without sufficient reason that Telemachus distrusts the maids: many of them were in the interest of the suitors. It was therefore necessary to conceal the place to which the arms were conveyed; lest they should betray the secret. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 38. *Minerva . . . with her golden lamp, . . .]* The office here

ascribed to Minerva gave great offence to Rapin; and he censured it as mean, and unworthy of the goddess. But Eustathius fully vindicates Homer. Pallas is here an allegorical deity intended by the poet to express the wisdom of Ulysses: he acts with as much prudence as if Minerva herself guided him in all his ways. We are to gather from this description, that Ulysses formed all the actions of this night with the utmost wisdom:— or, according to the Greek proverb, *ἢ νυκτὶ βέλῃ*, the ‘councils of this night’ were regulated with the exactest prudence and secrecy. Spondanus observes, that Callimachus, a statuary in Athens, made an image of Minerva according to this picture in Homer: she held a lamp of gold, which was filled with an oil of such an unwasting nature, as not to want to be replenished in the space of a whole year. See lib. i. of Pausanias. Dacier judges, that though a ‘lamp’ was unknown in the days of Ulysses, yet it might not be so in the days of Homer: and therefore he might speak of it: for instance, the ‘trumpet’ was not known in the Trojan war, yet Homer mentions it, because it was used in his age. But this is no answer: for Homer does not say that the trumpet was used during the siege of Troy: if he had, he would have been guilty of a gross anachronism; but he speaks of it by way of allusion, as a thing well known in his time. Here therefore the case is different: for Ulysses is the person who is supposed to make use of this lamp; and Dacier allows that it was unknown in his age; and consequently he ought not to use it at all. It may therefore perhaps be most probable, that Callimachus did not form his statue from this original; or if this be not allowed, that he fell into an error, and gave the goddess a lamp instead of a torch.

I will only further add, that this office of Minerva may be vindicated from all meanness, by observing that it is not the bare act of carrying the torch which the goddess here executes: she improves it into a miracle. The whole palace is enlightened with a celestial fire; and Ulysses and Telemachus gather full assurances of her favour and success from that miraculous illumination: this circumstance raises the description out of lowness into dignity.



V. 48. *Some visitant of pure ethereal race.*] Eustathius gives us a twofold explication of the words,

Ἄυτη τοι δίκη ἐστὶ θεῶν . . . . .

They imply either that the goddess Themis descended, or that it is the custom of celestial powers to manifest themselves in such illuminations, without appearing visibly. The latter interpretation seems most natural, and makes the construction easy; whereas the other is scarce to be understood without supplying *απο* before *θεῶν*. Otherwise it must be allowed, that the former opinion is not unhappy: Ulysses tells his son that the goddess of justice is sent by the gods to assist him in taking vengeance on the suitors: Themis is a very proper deity to be introduced upon such an occasion, and shews that Ulysses proceeded upon the strictest rules of equity, in the distribution of his rewards and punishments. But the passage will not admit this sense; it being evidently Pallas, not Themis, who appears.

V. 69. *By fam'd Icmalius wrought . . . . .*] Homer in both his poems takes all opportunities of celebrating the famous artisans of antiquity. I doubt not but most of them were his particular friends: and to do them honour, he gave them place in his works, and rendered their names and his own gratitude immortal. We may likewise learn the nature of the noblest pieces of art in Homer's days, from his poetry.

V. 82. *Into the woman-state asquint to pry.*] This is the true reason why Melantho is out of humour (says Madam Dacier): she had some affairs upon her hands, which demanded no witnesses: meaning the vicious commerce between her and Eurymachus. Dacier is undoubtedly in an error: Eurymachus in the end of the last book left the palace; and therefore Melantho could not speak out of any apprehensions of having a stop put to her affairs this night, by the presence of Ulysses.

V. 106. *Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care.*] It may be asked why Telemachus is said to owe the preservation of his life to Apollo? Eustathius answers, that he was called Ὁ θεὸς κρητοροφ by antiquity; and that Daphne from being his favourite was named κρηθαλία. But perhaps that epithet was appro-

priated to Apollo, because all immature deaths in the male sex were ascribed to him, as they were to Diana in the female. It may therefore be said with great propriety, that it is owing to the favour of Apollo that Telemachus had not died an immature death, or that he was arrived to manhood. Eustathius adds, that Apollo, as he is the sun, may be called the nourisher of all things that breathe, as well as of the inanimate creation: it is owing to his influence that every being comes to maturity; and in this sense likewise he may be called *Κυροτρόφος*. What Eustathius ascribes to Daphne, Dacier applies to Diana: and tells us, that she was called *Κυροθαλεια*, and that the ancients celebrated a festival in her honour for the health of their infants.

V. 110. *Loquacious insolent!* . . . . .] Were this place to be rendered literally, it would be thus, 'Thou bold impudent b—h;' *θαρσαλέη κυὸν ἀδδέες*. It is spoken by Penelope. In our age it is an expression so vulgar, as not to be uttered in common conversation; much less in epic poetry: it is true, it fully expresses the height of impudence, and in Homer's time it was no more mean than calling a coward a 'deer;' and both the expressions are joined together in the first of the Iliad:

'Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.'

It is there spoken by Achilles; and in another place of the Iliad Jupiter applies it to his wife, and calls Juno an impudent b—h: a plain indication that the expression was not mean, as it is at this day, because it was used by the greatest of heroes, and the supreme of gods.

V. 116. *Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!*] The expression in the Greek is remarkable:

. . . . . Ὅ σῃ κεφαλῇ ἀναμαΐεις.

'Which you shall wipe upon your own head,' or, as Eustathius explains it, 'a crime which you shall make to cleave to your own head:' a similar expression (adds the same author) occurs in Sophocles:

. . . . . κατὶ λυγροῖσιν κατὰ  
Κηλίδας ἐξεμαΐεν.

Whence it appears, that the blood that was found upon the sword was wiped upon the head of the slain; an intimation that his own blood was fallen upon the head of the deceased, and the living were free from it. This is a very remarkable custom; and there are many expressions like it in the Scriptures; namely, 'his blood be upon his own head.' It was customary amongst the Romans to wash their hands, in token of innocence and purity from blood: thus the Roman governor washed his hands, and said, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person.'

V. 129. *Consummate pattern of imperial sway.*] Homer here gives an amiable picture of a mild and just government. It is a truth certain and universal, where the subject enjoys the fruits of his industry, the earth will always be well cultivated, and bring forth in abundance; the sea will furnish the land with plenty of fishes, and men will plant when they are sure to gather the fruits. It is the constant observation of all travellers, the worst situation under an easy government enjoys more plenty, and is fuller of inhabitants, than the best soil and happiest situation under an arbitrary power. This whole passage is very beautiful; and the more beautiful because the words proceed from the mouth of a king.

V. 196, &c. *Crete . . .*] It is not without a good reason that Ulysses is so particular in the geography of Crete: he does it, that Penelope, from the knowledge of the truth which he speaks concerning that island, may be induced to give the readier credit to his succeeding fictions. In the Iliad, Homer calls Crete *ἑκατόμη-πολις*, or the island with an hundred cities, lib. ii.

'Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.'

Here he affirms it to have no more than ninety. Strabo is very full upon this difficulty, lib. x. Ephorus (says that author) judges that ten cities were built by the Dorians after the Trojan war, under Althæmenes; and therefore Ulysses here mentions Crete as having only ninety: but this opinion carries no probability. Others affirm, that ten cities were demolished by the enemies of Idomeneus; but this is no more than a conjecture: the truth is, Homer does not affirm that there were an hundred

cities in the time of the war with Troy, but in his own age (for the poet in that place speaks in his own person); if he had put the words into the mouth of any one who had lived in the time of the war, he would not have called it the isle of the hundred, but ninety cities, according to this description of Ulysses; it being very improbable, that ten of the Cretan cities should be destroyed, either during the war, or after the return of Idomeneus; for Homer himself testifies that he returned safe to Crete with all his soldiers, lib. iii. of the Odyssey:

‘ And those whom Idomen from Ilion’s plain  
Had led, securely cross the dreadful main.’

And therefore he had sufficient forces to defend his country. But though we allow that those ten cities had been destroyed after his return, yet how could Ulysses come to the knowledge of it, having neither been in Crete, nor met with any Cretan to inform him in all his voyages? It is therefore probable that in the time of the Trojan war Crete had no more than ninety cities; but an hundred in the days of Homer: and this fully reconciles the Iliad with the Odyssey; in the Odyssey it is Ulysses that speaks, in the Iliad, Homer.

Virgil speaks of Crete after the manner of Homer:

‘ Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,  
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.’

Æn. III. 104. 6.

The other ten cities were built by the Dorians (as Ephorus writes) under Althemenes.

V. 199. *In various tongues . . . . .*] The meaning of this is, that the natural inhabitants of Crete were mixed with strangers who had settled in the island; or as some imagine (says Eustathius) Ulysses speaks thus out of fear, lest Penelope should discover him not to be a native of Crete from his wrong pronunciation of the language of the Cretans. We may gather from Strabo, that the Dorians inhabited the eastern parts, the Cydonians the western, the Eteo-Cretans the southern; and the rest of the na-

tion being most powerful, possessed the plain country lying toward the north. The Eteo-Cretans, that is, the true Cretans, were the original inhabitants of the island, and probably also the Cydonians.

V. 206. . . . . *Each ninth revolving year, &c.*] This Minos king of Crete was an excellent lawgiver; and as Ephorus writes (says Strabo), to give his laws the greater veneration he used to descend into a cave sacred to Jupiter, and pretend that he had there received them from the mouth of that deity: this is the reason why Homer tells us he conversed with Jupiter. Thus also Numa Pompilius boasted of the same favour from Ægeria, to make his decrees to be received by the Romans. The only difficulty is in the word *ἐννεαετηρῶν*: and it has been generally believed to imply, that Minos continued in the cave of Jupiter nine whole years: but Casaubon remarks that it never signifies nine years, but every ninth year; as *τρίημις* does not mean three days, but the third day; and this agrees exactly with the history of Minos (see Valerius Maximus, lib. i. cap. 2), who was accustomed to review and rectify all his laws every ninth year. Plato quotes this passage in his piece entitled Minos, and puts this last observation beyond all dispute: ‘Homer tells us (says that author) that Minos conversed with Jupiter every ninth year; *ἐννατῶν ἐτην*, and went to be instructed by him as a scholar by a master;’ and a little lower he adds, *ἐφοῖτα δὲ ἐννατῶν ἐτην εἰς αἶθρον Διὸς ὁ Μίνως*, &c. that is, ‘he went into the cave of Jupiter to learn new laws, or to reform the old which he had received in the former period,’ *τῇ πρὸ τῆς ἐννεαετηρῆδος*. This Minos was the most just of all mankind; and for this reason was supposed to be made one of the infernal judges. Plutarch in the life of Demetrius makes a fine remark upon this description of Minos: ‘Homer (says he) has not honoured with the glorious title of the disciple of Jupiter the greatest warrior or oppressor, or a renowned tyrant; but the man famous for his justice and probity; a legislator, and a benefactor to mankind.’ DACIER.

V. 207. *By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.*] The word in the Greek is *οἰσιώης*; and Plato fully explains it in his Minos: *οἶσος* is the discourse: *οἰσιώης* the person who discourses; *ὁ συν-*

στὰς ἐν λόγοις. Others (continues Plato) understand it to signify the guest of Jupiter; συμποτην, συμπαισίνην, a person that was admitted to the table of Jupiter, or a partaker in his diversions: but the falsity of this opinion (adds he) will sufficiently appear, if we remember, that of all the Greeks, the Cretans and Lacedæmonians, who learned it from them, alone abstain from compositions, and diversions arising from them; and in particular this is one of the laws of Minos enacted in Crete, μη συμπείνειν ἀλλήλοις εἰς μέθην, commanding the Cretans not to drink in their entertainments to excess. DACIER.

V. 218. *To bright Lucina's fane.*] Strabo informs us, that upon the Amnisus there is a cave sacred to Ilithya, or Lucina, who presides over child-birth. The reason given by Eustathius why the poet places the cave by that river is too frivolous to be recited. It is probable that it was called the cave of Ilithya because some great lady had made use of it, upon an occasion in which women invoke the assistance of that goddess; or perhaps because water is one of the great principles of generation, the temple of Lucina could not be placed in a more proper situation, than upon the banks of a river, and close by the sea. DACIER.

V. 228. *Beeves for his train the Cnossian peers assign,  
A public treat . . . . .]*

It was not to be expected, and indeed it was almost impossible, that one person should entertain Ulysses and his whole fleet, which consisted of twelve vessels. This passage therefore gives us a remarkable custom of antiquity: which was, that when any person with too great a number of attendants arrived in other countries, the prince received the chief personage and his particular friends, and the rest were entertained at the public expence. DACIER.

V. 238. *As snows collected, &c.*] It is not easy to take the point of this simile. Mons. Perrault grievously mistakes it. 'The description (says he) which Homer gives us of the sorrow of Penelope is very unaccountable: her body 'melted' like snow upon an high mountain, when the east wind 'melts' it, and the snow thus 'melted' fills the rivers; thus it was that the fair

cheeks of Penelope 'melted.' This, says Perrault, is translated word for word. But in reality it resembles Homer in nothing but the repetition of the word 'melted,' or *τηκέλο*: which in modern language is burdensome to the ear, but not in the Greek; for the word differs from itself according to its different formation, almost as much as a new one, and gives a distant \* sound; for instance, *τηκέλο, τηκομένης, κατετρξεν*: whereas there is almost an identity of sound in 'melt, melted, or melting;' or in the French, 'liquifie, liquifiée, liquifioient.' Neither has Perrault entered into the sense of the comparison: *τηκέλο χέω*; is only a figurative hyperbole; as when we say a person is 'consumed or wasted' with grief; or perhaps *τηκω* signifies no more than 'humectō;' as *τακερός*, 'humidus.' In reality it is the quantity of tears that is intended to be represented. And the simile is thus to be understood: the snows heaped upon the mountains by the cold west wind, are the sorrows accumulated in the soul of Penelope; the warm eastern wind, which dissolves these snows, is the recital of Ulysses, which melts those sorrows into tears, and makes them flow. When Agamemnon weeps, in the ninth of the Iliad, his tears are compared to a fountain of water falling from a rock; but women being more profuse of tears, those of Penelope are here compared to a river.

V. 244. *She to her present lord laments him lost.*] Dacier observes that this is added by Homer not for our information, for we already know it; but because it is a reflection which must necessarily occur to every reader. It is a thing extraordinary to lament a person present, as if he were absolutely lost; and we reap a double satisfaction from the relation, by observing the behaviour of Penelope towards Ulysses, and of Ulysses towards Penelope; while he is at the same time, in one sense, both absent and present.

V. 248. *Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear.*] Eustathius informs us, that Homer applied this image of horny, or *κερατῆς*, to the eye, because one of the coats of it is said to be of an 'horny' substance. But this is merely fanciful: if another tunic of the eye had been 'steely,' there might have been some ground for the allusion; for Homer joins both of them in the illustra-

\* We presume, that 'distant' has been inserted in this place, by an error of the press, for 'different.'



tion; and only meant to represent the stedfastness of the eye of Ulysses, in this affecting interview.

V. 262, &c. *A robe of military purple, &c.*] This is a remarkable passage, and gives us an exact description of the habit of a king in the days of Homer; or perhaps still earlier, in the days of Ulysses. Purple seems anciently to have been appropriated to kings, and to them on whom they bestowed it. Thus, Judges viii. 26, the sacred historian mentions purple raiment that was on the kings of Midian. Thus, Esther viii. 15, a garment of fine linen and purple is given to a favourite by king / hasuerus: and 1 Maccabees xliii. the Jews made a decree, that Simon should wear purple and gold, and that none of the people should wear purple or a buckle of gold without his permission; in token that he was the chief magistrate of the Jews: thus also, Mac. x. 89, Alexander sent Jonathan a buckle of gold, as the use is to be given to such as are of the king's blood. Ulysses is here drest much after the same manner; he wears purple, and a buckle or clasp of gold, as a sign of his regality. But what I would chiefly observe is, that the art of embroidery was known in those early ages; nay, perhaps was in greater perfection than at this day: the embroidery was of divers colours, as we may gather from the epithet applied to the fawn, ποικίλον. Some persons indeed tell us, that this was interwoven into the cloth, and was made in the loom: but the words of Homer will admit of the other interpretation; and it is evident that embroidery was known amongst the Orientals in the age of Ulysses, from Judges v. 30, 'Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey? to Sisera a prey of divers colours: a prey of divers colours of needle-work; of divers colours of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?' Here is evidently mention made of embroidery: and perhaps such was this robe of Ulysses. But however this be, it is manifest that all manner of creatures were figured upon the habit of great personages; and that those creatures were inwrought so naturally as to seem to be alive.

V. 275. . . . . radiant vest,

*Dimension'd equal to his size . . . . .*]

It may be asked what is the meaning of the τετραμίσεντα χίλινα here

mentioned by Ulysses? Eustathius explains it by *συμμετρεῖν*: that is, neither too long nor too short, too wide or too scanty, but exactly corresponding to the make of the body. Hesiod uses the same word in the same sense: and Hesychius interprets it in the same manner; *Εὐμετρεῖον, καὶ μεχρὶ τῶν ποδῶν τετραμνίζομενον*. DACIER.

V. 278. *A fav'rite herald . . . . .*] This is very artful in Ulysses. Penelope had asked what kind of person her husband was. Ulysses fears to give a description of himself, lest by drawing the copy like the original now before the eyes of Penelope, she should discover him to be Ulysses. He therefore diverts the inquiry: yet at the time satisfies her curiosity; by adding a new circumstance to confirm his veracity, by describing his attendant and herald, Eurybates. DACIER.

V. 327. *His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring fate,  
Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.*]

Ulysses amassed great riches by being driven from country to country: every prince where he arrived made him great presents; according to the laudable customs of hospitality in former ages. The word in the Greek (observes Dacier) is *αγχιζαν*. It is borrowed from beggars, who by strolling from place to place get their livelihood; and hence it was made use of simply for to amass, or make collections. Hesychius explains it by *σὺλλεγεῖ, πορίζει, ἐγείρει*; in which words there are two errors, and it is manifest they are corrupted: Monsieur le Fevre reads *πῶχιζει, ἄγειρει*. DACIER.

We may observe that Ulysses gives himself great commendations through this whole interview. He calls himself *δίας Ὀδυσσεύς*, and says, that there were few men in the world like him; that he was *θεοῖς ἐναλίσκειν*, or like the gods. This is not a sign of vanity or ostentation; since Ulysses speaks in the character of a stranger: he must therefore speak in the same manner as a stranger would have spoke; that is, with honour of Ulysses, to ingratiate himself with Penelope. Besides, this conduct conduces to persuade Penelope, that he is the person he pretends to be, and by consequence contributes to prevent a discovery.

V. 353. *Now wash the stranger, &c.*] This was one of the first rites of hospitality observed towards strangers, amongst the ancients. The Scriptures abound with instances of it: Abraham offers water to wash the feet of the angels whom he mistook for strangers, &c. There was also a bath for the stranger: but this seems to have been a greater honour (as Dacier observes) than that of washing the feet. This may be gathered from the manner in which it was performed. The daughters of the family, even young princesses, assisted at the bath; but the washing the feet was an office committed to servants: thus the daughter of Nestor, in the third Odyssey, bathed Telemachus; but Ulysses being disguised like a beggar, Euryclea washes his feet. This agrees exactly with another passage of Scripture: when David sent to ask Abigail to wife, 1 Sam. xxv. 41, she made answer, ‘Let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord.’ My memory fails me, if there be any other passage, either in the Iliad or Odyssey, where this practice of washing the feet is directly mentioned. The reason is, this was an office performed only to inferior persons; the bath was for heroes and kings. Now both Homer’s poems are filled with the characters of such personages: and therefore there was no room to mention it in other places. It is true, the word here is *ἀνοίξαι*, and does not necessarily imply the washing of the feet, but washing in general; yet here it is to be understood of the feet; for Euryclea in the act of washing them discovers this stranger to be Ulysses.

V. 399. *But if, in track of long experience, &c.*] I will have an old woman to wash me (says Ulysses). The reason of this request is not evident at first view: but Eustathius explains it by shewing that Ulysses acts thus to avoid the insults and contempt of the younger damsels of Penelope, who had sufficiently outraged him in this and the preceding book. They would think themselves degraded by performing such an office to a beggar. Eustathius remarks, that some ancient critics rejected three verses here: it is absurd, say they, that Ulysses should choose Euryclea for this office, who was the only person who could discover him, and ruin his designs; he knew she was acquainted with

the wound that afterwards discovers him : 'but the truth is, Ulysses knew Euryclea to be a person of wisdom ; and he was in hopes to draw her over to his interest, and make use of her in his affairs in the future parts of the Odyssey : and this he does upon many important occasions ; in particular in locking up the palace at the time of the battle between him and the suitors, so that by her means he prevents the report of that great incident from being carried to the partizans abroad. Here therefore he artfully brings it about, that Euryclea should be assigned to this office : not only to avoid the insults of the other females, but to make use of her faithfulness and wisdom to carry on his designs, and make the way more easy to the suitors' destruction. The choice therefore was prudent : she was aged, and acquainted with human miseries ; not only by reason of her age, but had herself suffered in all the afflictions of Penelope and Telemachus. We find she is described as a mother to the whole family : and she all along adopts the afflictions of it. Eustathius therefore may perhaps be mistaken when he asserts this to be an instance of counsel crowned with good success. But then it may be asked, if Euryclea was a person of such wisdom and fidelity, why does not Ulysses trust her with the secret of his return ? The reason is plain : it would not only have been contrary to his cautious nature, but a breach of all decency to trust himself to Euryclea, and not to Penelope ; this would in some measure have raised the character of the servant above that of his wife and queen. Part of this note I am indebted for to M. DACIER.

V. 434. . . . . *The pious vows are lost ;*  
*His god forgets him . . . . .]*

Euryclea we see is astonished to find that a person who is remarkable for his piety should be unfortunate ; the age was not enlightened enough to know that calamity is often a proof of virtue, and a trial, not a punishment.

V. 443. *In thy whole form Ulysses seems express, &c.]* Homer continually draws his reflections from the present object. Penelope, at the sight of this distressed and ill-clothed stranger, breaks out into a tender sentiment, and cries, ' Perhaps my Ulys-

ses is such as he!" for thus Eustathius applies the expression, *ο τριςτ' ου ην φυσει αλλα δια κακωσιν*; that is, 'he was not such by nature, but misfortune:' but if we understand it of a bodily resemblance, the sentiment is still beautiful; and the reader cannot without pleasure see Penelope deceived in comparing Ulysses with Ulysses. DACIER.

V. 447. . . . . *the chief replies.*] This is very artful in Ulysses: if he had denied the resemblance, it might have given suspicion; he therefore confesses it, and by confessing it persuades Euryclea that he is not the real Ulysses. DACIER.

V. 460. *Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find  
The scar . . . . .* ]

This story concerning the wound of Ulysses, may, I fear, in some parts of it, seem somewhat tedious: it may therefore be necessary to shew that it is introduced with judgment; and though not entirely entertaining, yet artful.

Aristotle in the eighth chapter of his Poetics, speaking of the unity of the action of the Odyssey, mentions this wound of Ulysses. Homer, says he, who excelled other poets in all respects, seems perfectly to have known this defect (viz. that all the actions of an hero do not constitute the unity of the action, but only such as are capable to be united within the fable); for in composing his Odyssey, he has not mentioned all the adventures of Ulysses: for example, he has not joined the wound he received upon Parnassus with the account of his feigned madness, when the Greeks assembled their army; for because one of them happened, it was neither necessary nor probable that the other should also happen; but he has inserted all that could have respect to one and the same action. Monsieur Dacier fully explains Aristotle. We have in this precept (observes that author) two remarkable events in the life of Ulysses: his feigned madness, and his wound received upon Parnassus: the poet mentions the wound; but is silent about his madness. He saw that the latter had no connexion either in truth or probability with the subject of his poem; and therefore he says not a word of it: he has acted otherwise with respect to the wound received upon Parnas-

sus: for although that wound was no more to the matter of his poem than the madness, yet he speaks of it, because he found an opportunity of inserting it so naturally into his principal action, that it becomes a necessary part of it; since it causes a remembrance of his hero, that is, since it is the occasion of Euryclea's discovering Ulysses; so that this history, which is here related at length, is no foreign episode, but a natural part of the subject, by being thus artfully united to it. This fully teaches us of what nature the different parts which a poet uses to form one and the same action ought to be: namely, either necessary or probable consequences of one another; as the remembrance of Ulysses was of this wound. Every adventure then that has not this connexion ought to be rejected as foreign, and as breaking the unity of the action: and therefore Homer took care not to interrupt the unity of his *Odyssey*, by the episode of the feigned madness of Ulysses; for that incident could not be produced by any that were necessary or proper to the poem, nor produce any that had the least relation to it.

V. 466. *Autolycus the bold (a mighty name  
For spotless faith . . . . .]*

This difficult passage is well explained by Dacier and Eustathius: the words are,

.....ὅς ἀνθρώπων ἐκκατὸ  
Κλεπίσυνη θ' ὅρκῳ τε .....

which literally run thus, 'he surpassed all men in swearing and stealing.' A terrible character! if it were to be understood according to the letter. It has been imagined, that Homer commends Autolycus for his address in robbery, and making equivocal oaths: like the person (says Eustathius) who made a truce with his enemies for several days, and immediately went and ravaged their territories by night, and defended it, by telling them that the truce was not made for the night, but the day: or like the person mentioned by Athenæus, who stole a fish, and gave it to his neighbour, and being questioned about it, swore, that he had it not himself, nor saw any other person steal it: but this is not

the meaning of Homer, for he calls Autolycus εὐδαίμων, or 'a good man,' and adds that this κλεπίσσυνη καὶ ὄρκος, was the gift of a god. The truth is, the former word does not here signify theft, nor the latter perjury: the former signifies a laudable address in concealing our own designs, and discovering those of our enemies; it consists in surprising them, when they least expect us, in beating up their quarters, carrying off their convoys, their provisions, and in short all manner of stratagems, authorized by the laws of war: ὄρκος signifies fidelity in observing an oath, and never violating the sanctity of it. Plato, in his first book de Repub. makes it plain that this is the sense of Homer: he there quotes this passage; and asserts that he is the best guardian of an army, who knows how to steal the counsels and enterprises of the enemy, τὰ τῶν πολεμίων κλεψαὶ βουλευμαῖα, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας πράξεις. From this it is there inferred, that justice is a kind of chicanery (κλεπίπλη τις ἐπ' ὠφελείᾳ φίλων, καὶ βλάβῃ τῶν ἐχθρῶν), by which we serve our friends, and bring detriment to our enemies; but the answer there given to this assertion is, οὐ μὲν τὸν Δία, or, by no means: it must be understood with some restriction: it is lawful to deceive an enemy in war; but, in common life, criminal. The qualities therefore that Homer commends in Autolycus are his dexterity in discovering, penetrating, and preventing the designs of his enemies, and the religious observance of his oaths; and not theft and perjury: Eustathius explains Homer by adding κλεπίσσυνην ἢ κακὴν, ὄρκον ἢ φαῦλον.

V. 468. *Hermes his patron-god those gifts bestow'd.*] The reason why Homer attributes these gifts to Mercury is, because he was the president of society, or of all things that are acted with a desire of concealment. He is also the god of speech: it therefore appertained to that deity to guard the verity of it, in particular of oaths, being the president of speaking. DACIER.

V. 475. *'Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son,' &c.]* We have here an ancient custom observed by the Greeks: the child was placed by the father upon the grandfather's knees; as a token that a grandchild was the most agreeable present that a son could make to a father. That this was an ancient custom is evident from the Iliad:



... σφονδραῖ δ' επικεκλετ' Ερινυς  
 Μὴ τ' ἔτι γένῃσιν οἷσιν ἐφείσσεσθαι φίλον υἱόν  
 ἵς ἐμὸν γενναῖα . . . . .

That is, the father of Phoenix imprecated the furies, that Phoenix might never have a son to place upon his grandfather's knees.

It has been already remarked that it was customary in Greece for the parents to name the child. Here the grandfather names Ulysses; but this is done by permission of the parents, for Autolycus bids them give the name:

Γαμβρός εἰμος θυγατρὲ τέ τιθεσθ' ὄνομ'.

Ulysses was called *Ὀδυσσεύς*, from *ὀδυσσω*, *Irascor*; implying (says Eustathius) that many hated, or were enraged at, Autolycus, for the mischiefs he had done by his art in war; *ἐκ τῆ μίσους διακλεπίσονται*: that is, in other words, Autolycus called Ulysses *Ὀδυσσεύς*, from the terror he had been to his enemies.

V. 535. *Then chanting mystic lays, the closing wound  
 Of sacred melody confess'd the force.]*

This is a remarkable instance of the antiquity of that idle superstition of curing wounds by incantation or charms: yet Homer is no way blameable for mentioning it; he wrote according to the opinion of the age, which, whether true or false, vindicates him as a poet. Indeed almost all other poets have spoken more boldly than Homer of the power of incantations; thus Virgil:

'Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam:  
 Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulyssei:  
 Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.'

Ecl. viii. 69—71.

But we may defend Homer from Pliny, who has thought this point, viz. whether charms are available physically, worthy of a serious discussion. He refers to this passage in his *Natural History*, lib. xxviii. cap. 1. 'Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyssem inhibuisse carmine: Theophrastus,

*Ischiadicos sanare: Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari, Varro; Podagris.*

V. 553. . . . *abrupt... my son!... my king!... she cried.*] It may seem incredible that this dialogue between Ulysses and Euryclea could be held in the presence of Penelope, and she not hear it. How is this to be reconciled to probability? I will answer in the words of Eustathius: the poet, says he, is admirably guarded against this objection. It is for this reason that he mentions the falling of Ulysses's leg into the water, the sound of the vessel from that accident, the overturning of it, and the effusion of the water: all these different sounds may easily be supposed to drown the voice of Euryclea, so as it might not be heard by Penelope. It is true, she could not but observe the confusion that happened while Euryclea washes: but the age of Euryclea might naturally make her believe that all this happened by accident through her feebleness; and Penelope might be persuaded that it was thus occasioned, having no reason to suspect the truth. Besides, what is more frequent on the theatre than to speak to the audience, while the persons on the stage are supposed not to hear? In reality, it is evident that Ulysses and Euryclea were at a proper distance from Penelope, probably out of decency, while the feet were washing; for as soon as that office is over, Homer tells us that Ulysses drew nearer to the fire where Penelope sat, that he might resume the conference.

V. 577. *Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd.*] Plutarch in his treatise upon Garrulity observes, that Ulysses and every person that had relation to him were remarkable for their taciturnity: they had all profited under so great a master of secrecy as Ulysses. It is practised by his wife, his son, and his nurse; his very companions, who attended him in his voyages, possessed this virtue in so eminent a degree as to suffer themselves to be dashed in pieces by the Cyclops, rather than discover him to that giant. The moral that we are to gather from this fable is, that the safety of princes' counsels consists in secrecy. DACIER.

V. 590. *With plenteous unction . . . .*] We are not to imagine that this custom of anointing the feet was an instance of luxury.

It prevailed over the oriental world solely out of necessity, to avoid offensiveness in those hot regions. This custom prevailed many ages after Homer: and we have an instance of it in the woman who washed the feet of our Lord and Saviour with tears, and anointed them with oil. This place is a plain proof that oil was used after washing the feet, as well as after bathing.

V. 605. *Sad Philomel, &c.*] This passage is thus explained by Eustathius. The simile is not only introduced to express the sorrow of Penelope, but the nature of it: it is not so much intended to illustrate her grief, as her various agitations and different thoughts compared to the different accents in the mournful song of the nightingale; for thus Homer applies it:

Ὡς καὶ ἐμοὶ διχὰ θυμὸς ὁραρεται ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα.

Eustathius adds, that Homer relates this story very differently from later authors: he mentions nothing of Progne, Tereus, or Pandion, unless that name be the same with Pandareus; Itylus likewise is by them called Itys. The story is thus, according to these writers: Philomela was the wife of Tereus king of Thrace. She had a sister named Progne, whom Tereus ravished, and cut her tongue out that she might not discover the crime to Philomela. But Progne betrayed it, by weaving the story in a piece of embroidery: upon this, Philomela slew her own son Itys or Itylus, and served up his flesh to the table of her husband Tereus; which being made known to him, he pursues Philomela and Progne, who are feigned to be changed into birds for their swift flight into Athens, by which they escaped the revenge of Tereus. Philomela is fabled to be turned into a nightingale, and Progne into a swallow; it being observed by Pausanias, that no swallow ever builds in Thrace, or nightingale is ever seen there, as hating the country of Tereus. But Homer follows a different history. Pandareus, son of Merops, had three daughters, Meropè, Cleothera, and Aëdon: Pandareus married his eldest daughter Aëdon to Zethus brother of Amphion, mentioned in the eleventh Odyssey. She had an only son named Itylus; and being envious at the numerous family of her brother-in-law Amphion, she resolves to murder Amaleus the eldest of her nephews: her own

son Itylus was brought up with the children of Amphion, and lay in the same bed with this Amaleus. Aëdon directs her son Itylus to absent himself one night from the bed, but he forgets her orders. At the time determined, she conveys herself into the apartment, and murders her own son Itylus, by mistake, instead of her nephew Amaleus. Upon this, almost in distraction, she begs the gods to remove her from the race of humankind; they grant her prayer, and change her into a nightingale.

V. 656. *Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep, &c.*] This seems to be a bold fiction, and commentators have laboured hard to shew the reason of it: some imagine, that by the horn is meant a tunic of the eye, which is called horny; and that the ivory represents the teeth; and that by these allusions the poet intended to express that what we hear spoken may be false, but what we see must infallibly be true; that is, according to this fable, the ivory gate emits falsehood, that of horn, truth. Others explain Homer by referring to the nature of horn and ivory; horn being p̄rvious to the sight, and ivory impenetrable. Dacier, from Eustathius, gives us a very different solution: by horn, which is transparent, Homer means the air, or heavens, which are translucent; by ivory, he denotes the earth, which is gross and opaque: thus the dreams which come from the earth, that is, through the gate of ivory, are false; those from heaven, or through the gate of horn, true. But it may be thought that there are no grounds, from the words of Homer, for such an interpretation. I imagine that this fable is built upon a real foundation, and that there were places called the gates of falsehood and truth. Diódorus Siculus, in his second book, describing the ceremonies concerning the dead, mentions the gates of oblivion, of hatred and lamentation; and then adds, that there are other gates in the same place; namely, in Memphis in Egypt, that are called the gates of verity, near which there is a statue of justice without an head: now Homer, in the twenty-fourth Odyssey, places the region of dreams in the way to the infernal shades; and it is past dispute that he borrows all these fables of Styx, Cocytus (that is, of the gates of hatred, lamentation), &c. from Egypt, and places them in hell, after Orpheus, who adapted all his ceremonies according

to the rites of burial observed at Memphis, as Diodorus fully proves : if therefore he borrows the fable of the gates of oblivion, &c. from Egypt, why may he not the story of the gates of falsehood and verity? especially since he takes his whole relation concerning hell from the customs of the Egyptians, and this region of dreams is placed by him in the passage to hell : it may therefore not be impossible but this story of the gates of sleep may have a real foundation, and be built upon the customs of the Egyptians.

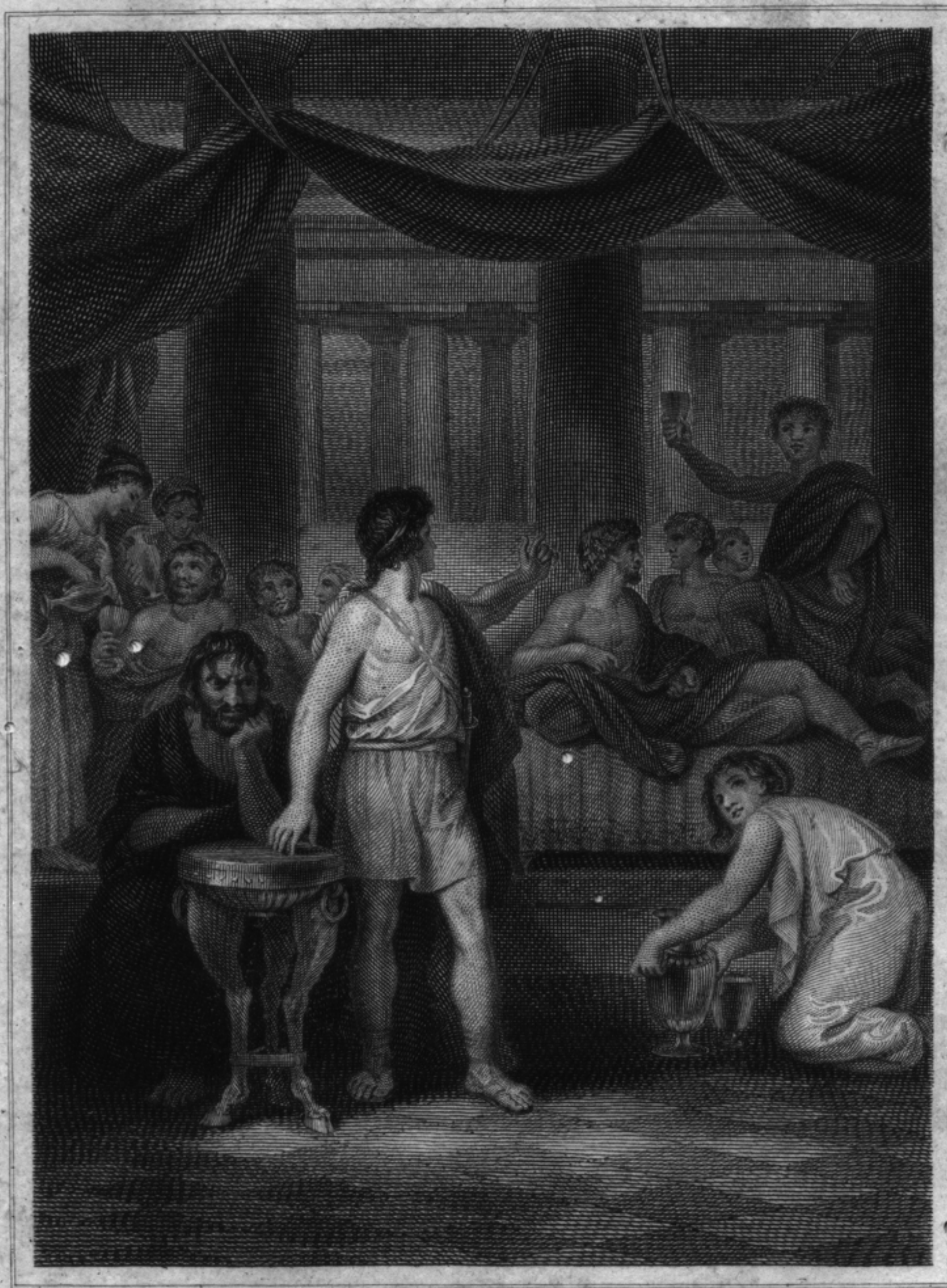


THE  
TWENTIETH BOOK  
OF THE  
ODYSSEY.

## THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his awaking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people; and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them: notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.





*Painted by Rob. Smirke R.A.*

*Engraved by Jas. Stow.*



## BOOK XX.

AN ample hide divine Ulysses spread,  
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed  
(The remnants of the spoils the suitor-crowd  
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd).  
Then o'er the chief, Eurynomè the chaste 5  
With duteous care a downy carpet cast:  
With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,  
And, ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,  
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey, 10  
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure repair,  
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.  
His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,  
Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung,  
Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame 15  
With their own blood, and intercept the shame,  
Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,  
And let the peers consummate the disgrace.  
Round his swell'd heart the murmurous fury rolls;  
As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls, 20

And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath compest  
 Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.  
 Poor suff'ring heart! he cried, support the pain  
 Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.

Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,      25  
 When the brave partners of thy ten years' toil  
 Dire Polypheme devour'd:—I then was freed,  
 By patient prudence, from the death decreed.

Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,  
 Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;      30  
 Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:  
 As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,  
 The sav'ry cates on glowing embers cast  
 Incessant turns, impatient for repast;  
 Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd,      35  
 In self-debate the suitors' doom resolv'd.

When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,  
 From heav'n descends the Jove-born martial maid;  
 And hov'ring o'er his head, in view confest,  
 The goddess thus her fav'rite care addrest:      40

O thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!  
 Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?  
 Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;  
 Blest in thy queen! blest in thy blooming heir!

Whom, to the gods when suppliant fathers bow,  
They name, the standard of their dearest vow. 46

Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd),  
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,  
In contemplation wrapt.—This hostile crew  
What single arm hath prowess to subdue? 50  
Or if by Jove's, and thy auxiliar aid,  
They're doom'd to bleed, O say, celestial maid,  
Where shall Ulysses shun, or how sustain,  
Nations embattled to revenge the slain?

Oh impotence of faith! Minerva cries; 55  
If man on frail unknowing man relies,  
Doubt you the gods?—Lo Pallas' self descends,  
Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.

In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast:  
Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest,  
My sure divinity shall bear the shield, 61  
And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.

Now, pay the debt to craving nature due;  
Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew.  
She ceas'd: ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes; 65  
His care dissolves in visionary joys:

The goddess pleas'd, regains her natal skies.

Not so the queen; the downy bands of sleep  
By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep;

A gloomy pause ensu'd of dumb despair—— 70

Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent pray'r:

Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,

And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.

Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,

Tost through the void illimitable space: 75

Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,

Me with his whelming wave let ocean shroud!

So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan fair

Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;

Thyself untimely and thy consort died; 80

But four celestials both your cares supplied.

Venus in tender delicacy rears

With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd

A form majestic, and sagacious mind: 85

With shapely growth Diana grac'd their bloom;

And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.

But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,

Bright Cytherea sought the bow'r of Jove,

(The god supreme, to whose eternal eye 90

The registers of fate expanded lie)

Wing'd harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge

away,

And to the furies bore a grateful prey.

Be such my lot! Or thou Diana speed  
 Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead: 95  
 To seek my lord among the warrior-train,  
 Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.  
 When woes the waking sense alone assail,  
 Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,  
 Of other wretches' care the torture ends: 100  
 No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!  
 The night renews the day-distracting theme,  
 And airy terrors sable ev'ry dream.  
 The last alone a kind illusion wrought;  
 And to my bed my lov'd Ulysses brought, 103  
 In manly bloom, and each majestic grace,  
 As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;  
 Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,  
 I deem it sure a vision of the skies.

Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne,  
 In audible laments she breathes her moan; 111  
 The sounds assault Ulysses' wakeful ear;  
 Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear  
 Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;  
 He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms. 115  
 Up-springing from his couch, with active haste  
 The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;

(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air)  
 And thus the gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r:  
     Jove, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend  
 If the long series of my woes shall end,      121  
 Of human race now rising from repose,  
 Let one a blissful omen here disclose;  
 And to confirm my faith, propitious Jove!  
 Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.      125

    Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,  
 The pitying god his guardian aid avows.  
 Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:  
 With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.  
 Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r,  
 An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.      131  
 Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,  
 Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind;  
 Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran  
 From the pure flour (the growth and strength of  
     man),      135  
 Discharging to the day the labour due,  
 Now early to repose the rest withdrew;  
 One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,  
 Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind,  
 And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd:      140

Father of gods and men! whose thunders roll  
 O'er the Cerulean vault, and shake the pole;  
 Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare ostent  
 (Of granted vows a certain signal sent),  
 In this bless'd moment of accepted pray'r,      145  
 Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!  
 Instant, O Jove! confound the suitor-train,  
 For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:  
 Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,  
 And be this festival decreed their last!      150

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,  
 Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.  
 Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood  
 Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:  
 When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir;      155  
 With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,  
 A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,  
 And on his foot the golden sandal shone.  
 His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;  
 And Euryclea thus he there address'd:      160

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,  
 Was care for due refection, and repose,  
 Bestow'd the stranger-guest? Or waits he griev'd,  
 His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?



Promiscuous grace on all, the queen confers 165  
 (In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs);  
 The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,  
 And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

She thus: O cease that ever-honour'd name  
 To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame: 170  
 A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest;  
 In vain the queen the night-refection prest;  
 Nor would he court repose in downy state,  
 Unblest, abandon'd to the rage of fate!  
 A hide beneath the portico was spread, 175  
 And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:  
 A downy carpet cast with duteous care,  
 Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

His cornel jav'lin pois'd, with regal port,  
 To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court, 180  
 Forth issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:  
 Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,  
 Behind him sourly stalk'd. Without delay  
 The dame divides the labour of the day;  
 Thus urging to the toil the menial train: 185  
 What marks of luxury the marble stain!  
 Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;  
 The seats with purple clothe in order due;  
 And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew:

Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold; 190

Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:

Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,

And copious waters pure for bathing bear.

Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assay

The lunar feast-rites to the god of day. 195

She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair

Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:

With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.

Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come.

Some wield the sounding ax; the dodder'd oak

Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes. 201

Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,

(Eumæus in their train), the maids return.

Three porkers for the feast, all brawny-chin'd,

He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind: 205

In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,

Then to the king this friendly speech renew'd:

Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train

Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;

Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?

Some pitying god (Ulysses sad reply'd) 211

With vollied vengeance blast their tow'ring pride!

No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains

The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:

From vice to vice their appetites are tost;    215  
All cheaply sated at another's cost!

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,  
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,  
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd  
Spontaneous to the suitors' feast preferr'd:    220  
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;  
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs resound:  
And to the chief austere, aloud began  
The wretch, unfriendly to the race of man:

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords!  
Blows have more energy than airy words.  
These arguments I'll use:—nor conscious shame,  
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.  
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast  
A plenteous board! Hence! seek another host!

Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd;    231  
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.

From Cephalenia, cross the surgy main,  
Philæti<sup>us</sup> late arriv'd, a faithful swain.  
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,    235  
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;  
Imported in a shallop not his own:  
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.

Straight to the guardian of the bristly kind  
 He thus began, benevolent of mind : 240

What guest is he, of such majestic air?  
 His lineage and paternal clime declare :  
 Dim through th' eclipse of fate, the rays divine  
 Of sov'reign state with faded splendour shine.  
 If monarchs by the gods are plung'd in woe, 245  
 To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!

Then affable he thus the chief address'd,  
 Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd :

Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,  
 And spin thy future with a whiter clue!—— 250  
 O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;  
 The tyrant, not the father of the skies!  
 Unpiteous of the race thy will began!  
 The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,  
 With penury, contempt, repulse, and care, 255  
 The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.

Ulysses from his state a wand'rer still,  
 Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:  
 O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—  
 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow! 260  
 Like thee, poor stranger-guest, denied his home!  
 Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!

Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,  
 In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!  
 Oh, grateful for the good his bounty gave, 265  
 I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!  
 His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,  
 The regent of his Cephallenian herd:  
 With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,  
 A stately breed! and blackens far the meads. 270  
 Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,  
 To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:  
 Who in partition seek his realm to share;  
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.  
 Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside, 275  
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:  
 Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,  
 And with the royal herd protection buy—  
 Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale;  
 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:  
 In op'ning prospects of ideal joy, 281  
 My king returns; the proud usurpers die.

To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind  
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd,  
 Attend a deed already ripe in fate: 285  
 Attest, O Jove! the truth I now relate!

This sacred truth attest each genial pow'r,  
 Who bless the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!  
 Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)  
 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey, 290  
 Thy wond'ring eyes shall view: his rightful reign  
 By arms avow'd Ulysses shall regain,  
 And to the shades devote the suitor-train.

O Jove supreme, the raptur'd swain replies, 294  
 With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys!  
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigour strung,  
 In that blest cause should emulate the young—  
 Assents Eumæus to the pray'r addrest;  
 And equal ardours fire his loyal breast.

Meantime the suitors urge the prince's fate,  
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate: 301  
 When in his airy tour, the bird of Jove  
 Truss'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove;  
 Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd  
 Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd:

The gods from force and fraud the prince de-  
 fend.

O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:  
 Your future thought let sable fate employ;  
 And give the present hour to genial joy.

From council straight th' assenting peerage  
 ceas'd; 310

And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.  
 Disrob'd, their vests apart in order lay,  
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:  
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,  
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread. 315  
 With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round;  
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,  
 By sage Eumæus borne: the purple tide  
 Melanthius from an ample jar supply'd:  
 High canisters of bread Philæti<sup>us</sup> plac'd: 320  
 And eager all devour the rich repast.  
 Dispos'd apart, Ulysses shares the treat!  
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,  
 The prince appoints; but to his sire assigns  
 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines. 325  
 Partake, my guest, he cried, without controul  
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl.  
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;  
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age:  
 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be; 330  
 From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me:  
 Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease;  
 Lest arms avenge the violated peace.



Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave, and  
young,

Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.

Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries; 336

The threats of vain imperious youth despise:

Would Jove permit the meditated blow,

That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:—

Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd: 341

By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move

The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:

Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,

The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid; 345

Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.

But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,

(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.

Observant of the prince's high behest,

His menial train attend the stranger-guest: 350

Whom Pallas with unpard'ning fury fir'd,

By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.

A Samian peer, more studious than the rest

Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;

And urg'd, for title to a consort queen, 355

Unnumber'd acres arable and green;

(Ctesippus nam'd) this lord Ulysses ey'd,  
And thus burst out th' imposthumate with pride.

The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:  
Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,  
Let each a token of esteem bestow: 361

This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;  
With which he nobly may discharge his seat,  
And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said; and of the steer before him plac'd,  
That sinewy fragment at Ulysses cast,  
Where to the pastern-bone, by nerves combin'd,  
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;  
Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.  
The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile; 370  
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:  
When thus the prince with piquis rage inflam'd:  
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd  
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear  
Hade made thee buy the brutal triumph dear: 375  
Nor should thy sire, a queen his daughter boast;  
The suitor, now, had vanish'd in a ghost!  
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless pow'r  
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:  
For genuine worth, of age mature to know, 380  
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.

Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,  
 With rapes and riot to profane my court;  
 What single arm with numbers can contend?  
 On me let all your lifted swords descend,      385  
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.

A long cessation of discourse ensu'd;  
 By gentler Agelaüs thus renew'd:

A just reproof, ye peers!—your rage restrain  
 From the protected guest, and menial train: 390  
 And, prince! to stop the source of future ill,  
 Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.  
 Whilst hope prevail'd to see your sire restor'd,  
 Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.  
 But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,      395  
 To think he still survives to claim the state?  
 Now press the sov'reign dame with warm desire  
 To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:  
 The lord selected to the nuptial joys,  
 Far hence will lead the long-contended prize: 400  
 Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest,  
 You reign, of this imperial dome possest.

Sage and serene Telemachus replies:  
 By him at whose behests the thunder flies!  
 And by the name on earth I most revere,      405  
 By great Ulysses, and his woes, I swear!

(Who never must review his dear domain;  
 Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train)  
 Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,  
 My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse: 410  
 But from this dome my parent queen to chase!—  
 From me, ye gods! avert such dire disgrace.

But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom  
 The suitors' souls, insensate of their doom!  
 A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd; 415  
 The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:  
 Floating in gore, portentous to survey,  
 In each discolour'd vase the viands lay!  
 Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,  
 And sudden sighs precede approaching woe. 420  
 In vision wrapt, the Hyperesian\* seer  
 Uprose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:

O race to death devote! with Stygian shade  
 Each destin'd peer impending fates invade! 424  
 With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;  
 With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round!  
 Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,  
 To people Orcus, and the burning coasts!  
 Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,  
 But universal night usurps the pole! 430

\* Theoclymenus.

Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate  
 The peers reproach the sure divine of fate;  
 And thus Eurymachus: The dotard's mind  
 To ev'ry sense is lost, to reason blind:  
 Swift from the dome conduct the slave away; 435  
 Let him in open air behold the day.

Tax not (the heav'n-illumin'd seer rejoin'd)  
 Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.  
 No clouds of error dim th' ethereal rays;  
 Her equal pow'r each faithful sense obeys: 440  
 Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,  
 Far hence, before yon hov'ring deaths descend;  
 Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,  
 I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.

This said, to sage Piræus sped the seer, 445  
 His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.  
 O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,  
 And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit:  
 Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,  
 Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice. 450  
 Why such profusion of indulgence shown  
 To this poor, tim'rous, toil-detesting drone?  
 That other feeds on planetary schemes,  
 And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.

But, prince! for once at least believe a friend;  
 To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send: 456  
 Where, if they yield their freight across the main,  
 Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.

Thus jovial they:—but nought the prince re-  
 plies:

Full on his sire he roll'd his ardent eyes; 460  
 Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword,  
 From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.

Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen  
 To see the circle sat, of all unseen.

Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare 465  
 An eve-repast, with equal cost and care:  
 But vengeful Pallas, with preventing speed,  
 A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;  
 A feast of death!—the feasters 'doom'd to bleed!

## SELECT NOTES

TO

### BOOK XX.

V. 12. *With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.]* Eustathius expatiates upon the conduct of these female servants of Penelope. Silence and a decent reserve (remarks that author) is the ornament of the fair sex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them susceptible of wanton impressions. The Athenians, as Pausanias informs us, had a temple sacred to Love and Venus the Whisperer. Venus was called the Whisperer (ψιθυριστή) because they who offered up their prayers applied their mouths to the ear of the statue of that goddess, and whispered their petitions; an intimation that women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it transgress either by loudness or loquacity.

V. 20. *As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls, &c.]* This in the original is a very bold expression; but Homer, to soften it, instances a comparison which reconciles us to it. Ennius has literally translated it, as Spondanus observes:

‘ . . . . . animusque in pectore ‘latrat.’

That is, word for word,

‘ . . . . . Κραδίη δὲ οἱ ἐνδὸν ὤλε-πτε. V. 13.

The similitude itself is very expressive: as the mastiff barks to guard her young, so labours the soul of Ulysses in defence of his son and wife, Penelope and Telemachus. Dacier was afraid that the comparison could not be rendered with any beauty in the French tongue; and therefore has substituted another in the room of it: ‘Son cœur rugissoit au dedans de lui, comme un lion rugit autour d’une bergerie, où il ne sauroit entrer.’ But however more noble the lion may be than the mastiff, it is evident that she utterly deviates from the allusion: the mastiff rages



in defence of her young; Ulysses, of his son Telemachus: but how is this represented by a lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but destroy? We have therefore chosen to follow Homer in the more humble but more expressive similitude: and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to dogs by the ancients: they were kept as a piece of state by princes or heroes; and therefore a comparison drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a lion.

V. 23. *Poor suffering heart! he cried, support the pain  
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.]*

These two verses are quoted by Plato in his *Phædo*, where he treats of the soul's immortality: he makes use of them to prove that Homer understood the soul to be uncompounded and distinct from the body. 'If the soul,' argues that author, 'were a compounded substance, if it were harmony (as some philosophically assert), she would never act discordantly from the parts which compose it: but we see the contrary; we see the soul guide and govern the parts of which she herself is pretended to be composed; she resists, threatens and restrains our passions, our fears, avarice, and anger: in short, the soul speaks to the body as to a substance of a nature entirely different from its own. Homer therefore evidently understood that the soul ought to govern and direct the passions, and that it is of a nature more divine than harmony.'

This is undoubtedly very just reasoning; and there is an expression, observes Dacier, that bears the same import in the Holy Scriptures: 'The heart of David smote him when he numbered the people.' There is this difference: in Homer by 'heart' is understood the corporeal substance, in the Scriptures the spiritual; but both make a manifest distinction between the soul and the body.

V. 32. *As one who long, &c.]* No passage in the whole *Odyssey* has fallen under more ridicule than this comparison; Monsieur Perrault is particularly severe upon it: Homer (says that critic) compares Ulysses turning in his bed to a black-pudding

broiling on a gridiron. Whereas the truth is, he compares that hero turning and tossing in his bed, burning with impatience to satisfy himself with the blood of the suitors, to a man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and the agitation represents the agitation of Ulysses. Homer compares not the thing, but the persons.

Boileau, in his notes upon Longinus, answers this objection. It is notorious that the belly of some animals was one of the most delicious dishes amongst the ancients; that the 'sumen' or sow's belly was boasted of for its excellence by the Romans, and forbidden by a sumptuary law as too voluptuous. Besides the Greek word used to express a black-pudding was not invented in the days of Homer. Ogilby indeed thus renders it:

'As one a pudding broiling on the coals.'

But you will ask, Is not the allusion mean at best, and does it not convey a low image? Monsieur Dacier answers in the negative, in his notes upon Aristotle's Poetics. The comparison is borrowed from sacrifices which yielded blood and fat: and was therefore so far from being despicable, that it was looked upon with veneration by antiquity. Lib. i. of the Iliad,

'On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,  
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.'

The 'cawls' and the 'choicest morsels' were the fat of the victim, selected as the best part of it, to be offered to the gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language: for the author of Ecclesiast. makes use of it, xlvii. 2. 'As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, so was David chosen out of the children of Israel.' And the same allusion which was used to represent the worth and excellence of David, could be no degradation to Ulysses.

But what is understood by the 'belly of the beast, full of fat and blood?' Boileau is of opinion that those words denote the fat and the blood which are in those parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error; as appears evidently from these lines, lib. xviii. of the Odyssey:

Γαστήρ; αἱ δ' αἰγῶν κέ-τ' ἐν πυρὶ· τὰς δ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ  
Κατ' ἐμὲ θά, κνίσσης τε καὶ αἵματ' ἐμπλησάντες.

'Implentes sanguine et pinguedine, in cœnâ deponimus;' a demonstration that Homer intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal.

V. 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,  
Doubt you the gods ?]*

There is excellent reasoning in this: if a friend whom we know to be wise and powerful, advises us, we are ready to follow his instructions; the Divine Being gives us his counsel, and we refuse it. Monsieur Dacier observes that Epictetus had this passage in view, and beautified his morality with it. 'The protection of a prince or potentate (says that author) gives us full tranquillity, and banishes from us all uneasy apprehension. We have an all-powerful Being for our protector, and for our father; and yet the knowledge of it is not sufficient to drive away our fears, inquietudes, and discontents.'

What Homer further puts into the mouth of the goddess of wisdom is consonant to sacred verity, and agrees with the language of Scripture; Psalm xxvii. 3. 'Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid.'

The poet almost in every book mentions the destruction of the suitors by the single hand of Ulysses, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be shocked at the great catastrophe of the poem as incredible. It is particularly judicious to insist upon it in this place in a manner so solemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the destruction of the suitors should appear humanly improbable by being ascribed solely to Ulysses, it is at least reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible through the intervention of a goddess.

V. 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! &c.]* The ancients (says Dacier) were persuaded that some persons were carried away by storms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine such expressions to be entirely figurative and poetical. It is probable that what gave occasion to these fictions might be no more than the sudden deaths of some persons: and their disappearance was

ascribed, in the language of poetry, to storms and whirlwinds. The Orientals delighted in such bold figures. Job xxvii. 21. 'The east wind carrieth him away; and as a storm hurleth him out of his place.' And Isaiah xli. 16. 'The wind shall carry them away; and the whirlwind shall scatter them.'

V. 82. *Venus in tender delicacy rears*

*With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.]*

Monsieur Dacier observes upon this passage: Venus is said to feed these infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, she nursed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance; for this is the import of the expression: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greatest fertility, as is evident from the writings of Moses. So the prophet: 'Butter and honey shall he eat, till he knows how to refuse the evil and choose the good;' that is, till the age of discretion.

V. 84. *Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd*

*A form majestic, and sagacious mind.]*

It may seem that Homer ascribes improper gifts to this goddess. Wisdom is the portion of Minerva; beauty of Venus: why then are they here ascribed to Juno? Spondanus calls this an insolvable difficulty. Dacier explains it by saying, that the beauty of princesses is different from that of persons of an inferior station: their beauty consists in a majesty that is every way great and noble, and strikes with awe; very different from the little affectations and formal softnesses of inferior beauty: the former kind is the gift of Venus to the lower part of the fair sex, the latter is bestowed on princesses and queens, by Juno the regent of the skies.

V. 92. *Wing'd harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge away.]*

It is not evident what is meant by these princesses being carried away by the harpies. Eustathius thinks that they wandered from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governesses, whose severities the poet ascribes to the *erinyes*, or furies. Dacier imagines, that these two princesses having seen the unhappy fate of their sister Aëdon (who was married to Zethus, and slew

her own son) feared a like calamity; and dreading marriage, retired to some distant solitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It must be allowed that the thought excellently agrees with the wishes of Penelope: these princesses were taken away at the point of their marriage; Penelope believes herself to be in the same condition, and wishes to be lost, rather than submit to second nuptials. This speech has a further effect: we find Penelope reduced to the utmost exigency, she has no further subterfuge; the poet therefore judiciously paints this exigency in the strongest colours, to shew the necessity of unravelling the intrigue of the poem in the conclusion of the *Odyssey*.

V. 110. *Thus, whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirtieth day.

V. 113. . . . . *a sudden fear*

*Of his arrival known, the chief alarms.*]

I was at a loss for an explication of this line, till I found it in Eustathius. For why should Ulysses imagine that Penelope knew him to be Ulysses, after a speech that expressed so much concern for his absence? Ulysses, having only heard the voice, not distinguished the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of Penelope for tears of joy. He suspects that the discovery is made by Euryclea or Telemachus; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she should act something that would betray him to the suitors, and prevent his designs. He therefore immediately withdraws; and makes a prayer to heaven for a sign to re-assure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their destruction.

V. 120. *Jove, and ethereal thrones . . . . .*

123. . . . . *a blissful omen . . . . .*]

The construction in the Greek is ungrammatical: for after *Ζεῦ πατρί* in the singular, the poet immediately adds *ἡ μὲν ἑδραίωντες* in the plural number. *Τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνων* are implied, says Eusta-

thius; so that *Ἰδαίη* is understood, which rectifies the construction.

The reader will fully understand the import of this prayer, from the nature of omens, and the notions of them amongst the ancients. 'If,' says Ulysses, 'my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it:' and immediately a voice is heard, 'O Jupiter, may this day be the last to the suitors!' Such speeches as fell accidentally from any person were held ominous, and one of the ancient ways of divination: Ulysses understands it as such, and accepts the omen. It was in use among the Romans, as appears from *Tully of Divination*. The same practice was used by the Hebrews. It was called *Bath Kol*. The *Sortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind.

V. 128. *Loud from a sapphire sky.*] It was this circumstance, of thunder bursting from a 'serene sky,' that made it ominous. It was noted as such amongst the Romans in the books of the *Augurs*; and *Horace* brings it as a proof against the opinions of *Epicurus*. Virgil likewise speaks of thunder as ominous.

V. 133. *Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind.*] This little particularity shews us the great profusion of the suitors, who employed twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word *πηγεύοντο*. It denotes the great labour and assiduity of these people in preparing the bread; and consequently the great waste of the suitors. It likewise preserves a piece of antiquity; that kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that these mills were attended by women: I suppose because preparing bread was an household care, and therefore fell to the lot of female servants.

V. 165. *Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers.*] This speech of *Telemachus* may seem to be wanting in filial respect; as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: but (remarks *Eustathius*) the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation: it shews that her affection was so great for Ulysses, that she received every vagrant honourably, who<sup>d</sup> deceived her with false news about him; and that other persons who brought no tidings of him, though men of great worth, were less acceptable.

V. 180. *To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,  
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince repair'd.]*

It was customary for kings and magistrates to go early every morning into the public assemblies, to distribute justice, and take care of public affairs: but this assembly contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyssey*, the poet passes it over in a cursory manner, without any enlargement. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 189. *And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew.]* The table was not anciently covered with linen, but carefully cleansed with wet sponges. Thus Arrian: ἀρον τὰς τραπεζὰς, σποδγισον: And Martial:

‘Hæc tibi sorte datur tergendis spongia mensis.’

They made use of no napkins to wipe their hands; but the soft and fine part of the bread, which they called ἀπομαγδαλιαί: which afterwards they threw to the dogs. This custom is mentioned in the *Odyssey*, lib. x.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἀνακλῖα κύνες δαιτῆθεν ἰοῦντα  
Σαίνωσ' ἅει γὰρ τε φέρει μείλιγματα θυμῷ.

‘As from some feast a man returning late,  
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,  
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,  
Such as the good man ever wont to give.’

The morsel in the translation, and the μείλιγματα in the Greek, mean these pieces of bread, or ἀπομαγδαλιαί, with which the ancients wiped their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs.

V. 195. *The lunar feast-rites to the god of day.]* This was the last day of one month, and the first of the following. The Greek months were lunar. The first day of every month was a day of great solemnity; and it was consecrated to Apollo, the author and fountain of light. Ulysses had said, lib. xiv v. 186,

‘Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,  
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey;  
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn.

Τοῦ μὲν φθινοῦ μείνος, τῆ δ' ἰσταμένοιο.’



This, says Solon in Plutarch, means that Ulysses shall return on the last day of the month precisely. And here we find it verified. Ulysses discovers himself upon this day, and kills the suitors. By his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his discovery; for he was returned when he made that assertion to Eumæus. It is therefore probable, that the above-recited verse was rightly interpreted by Solon.

V. 237. *Imported in a shallop . . . . .* ] To understand this passage it is necessary to remember that Melanthius and Philæti-  
tius fed their flocks and herds in Cephallenia, an adjacent island,  
under the dominion of Ulysses; but living in different parts of it,  
they are brought over in separate vessels, by different ferrymen;  
*πρωθυμνας*, as Homer expresses it.

V. 245. *If monarchs by the gods, &c.* ] This is the reasoning  
of Philæti-  
tius: kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the gods;  
and if the gods exempt not kings from calamities, how can infe-  
rior persons (says Dacier) expect to be exempted, or complain in  
the day of adversity? But I persuade myself the words have a  
deeper sense, and mean Ulysses; ‘Well may vagrants suffer,  
when kings, such as Ulysses, are not free from afflictions.’

V. 251. *O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;  
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!* ]

These words are to be ascribed to the excess of sorrow which Phi-  
læti-  
tius feels for the sufferings of Ulysses; for they certainly trans-  
gress the bounds of reason. But if we consider the state of theo-  
logy in Homer’s time, the sentence will appear less offensive.  
‘How can Jupiter (says Philæti-  
tius) who is our father, throw his  
children into such an abyss of misery? Thou, O Jove, hast made  
us, yet hast no compassion when we suffer.’ It is no easy mat-  
ter to answer this argument from the heathen theology; and no  
wonder therefore if it confounds the reason of Philæti-  
tius. But we  
who have certain hopes of a future state, can readily solve the  
difficulty: that state will be a time of retribution; it will amply  
recompense the good man for all his calamities, or, as Milton  
expresses,

‘Will justify the ways of God to men.’

It may be observed in general, that this introduction of Philæti<sup>us</sup> and his speech, so warm in the cause of Ulysses, is inserted here with admirable judgment. The poet intends to make use of his assistance in the destruction of the suitors; he therefore brings him in giving Ulysses full assurance of his fidelity: so that when that hero reveals himself to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certified of his honesty.

I will only add, that Philæti<sup>us</sup> is not to be looked upon as a common servant, but as an officer of state and dignity; and whatever has been said in these annotations concerning Eumæus may be applied to Philæti<sup>us</sup>. He is here called *ορχαμῶν ἀνδρῶν*, a title of honour; and Ulysses promises to marry him into his own family in the sequel of the Odyssey: consequently he is a personage worthy to be an actor in epic poetry.

V. 260. *Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!*] The words in the original are *ιδιον ὡς ἐνόησα*, and they are very differently explained by Dacier and Eustathius. *Ιδιον, τετ' ἐστὶν ἰδρῶσα, ἠγωνίασα*, 'I have sweated and been in an agony at the thought of the severe dispensations of Jupiter.' This is the interpretation of Eustathius. Dacier takes *ιδιον* to be an adjective; and then it must be connected with the preceding period:

Οὐκ ἐλεεινὸς ἀνδρας, ἐπὶ δὴ γεῖναι αὐτός,  
Μισογερμενὸς κακότητι, καὶ ἀλγεσι λευγαλέοις,  
*ιδιον ὡς ἐνόησα.*

'Ut privatum, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo:' for so we may render *ιδιον*, meaning Ulysses. Then the sense will be this: 'Jupiter, though thou hast made us, thou hast no compassion upon mankind; thou castest us into evils and misery: as I have learned by a private or domestic instance; namely, in the person of Ulysses.' If my judgment were of any weight, I should recommend this interpretation rather than that of Eustathius; which seems to be a forced one; and I remember no instance of this nature in Homer. But the preference is submitted to the reader's decision.

V. 305. *Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd.*] It may be asked why Amphinomus gives this interpretation to the prodigy.

And why might not the eagle denote the suitors, and the pigeon Telemachus? No doubt but such an interpretation would have been specious; but contrary to the rules of augury. The eagle is the king of birds; and must therefore of necessity denote the chief personage; and could only be applied to Ulysses, or Telemachus. Amphinomus thus interprets it; and the suitors acquiesce in this interpretation.

V. 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast*] The ancients, says Eustathius, observe that this is the only place where the suitors offer any sacrifice throughout the whole Odyssey; and that there is no instance at all, that they make any prayer to the gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a sacrifice? it is true the sacrificial term of *ἱερευον* is mentioned; but perhaps that word may not denote a sacrifice; for *ἱερεια*, though it primarily signifies the flesh of animals offered to the gods, yet in a less proper acceptation implies the flesh of all animals indifferently. Thus Athenæus, *τροφὴν, τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερεῖαν*, which must be rendered, 'the flesh of young animals.' Thus lib. vii. *εὐσθηλοτέρη τὰ νύκταρ θυόμενα ἱερεῖα*, 'the flesh of animals that are killed by night soonest putrefies;' and Galen uses *ζῶον*, and *ἱερεῖον*, for an animal indiscriminately. The reason is, because originally no animal was ever slain but some part of it was offered to the gods; and in this sense every *ζῶον* was *ἱερεῖον*. If we consult the context in Homer, it must be allowed that there is no other word but *ἱερευον* that distinguishes this from a common repast through the whole description; and if that word will bear a remote signification, as *ἱερεῖον* does, I should conclude, that this is no sacrifice. Nay, if it should be found that *ἱερευον* implies of necessity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a customary meal; since the ancients at all entertainments made libations to the gods. What may seem to strengthen this conjecture is, that the poet immediately adds, that the Greeks, *Ἀχαιοί*, sacrificed in the grove of Apollo; without mentioning that the suitors partook in the sacrifice: nay they seem to be feasting in the palace, while the Greeks are offering in the grove.

V. 323. *A trivet-table, and ignoble seat.*] This circumstance is not inserted unnecessarily: the table is suitable to the disguise

of Ulysses; and it might have created a jealousy in the suitors if Telemachus had used him with greater distinction.

V. 370. . . . . *grins a ghastly smile.*] The expression in the Greek is remarkable:

. . . . . μαιδησι δε θυμῷ  
Σαρδανίῳ (or Σαρδονίῳ).

Some tell us, that there is an herb frequent in the island of Sardinia, which by tasting distorts the muscles, that a man seems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and thence the ‘Sardinian laugh’ became a proverb, to signify a laugh which concealed an inward pain. Others refer the expression to an ancient custom of the Sardinians (a colony of the Lacedemonians): it is pretended that, upon a certain festival every year, they not only slew all their prisoners of war, but also all the old men that were above seventy; and obliged these miserable wretches to laugh while they underwent the severity of torment. Either of these reasons fully explains the meaning of the Σαρδονίῳ γέλωτι, and shews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclined to prefer the former interpretation; not only as it appears most natural, but because Virgil seems to understand it in that sense; for he alludes to the above-mentioned quality of the Sardinian herbs, Eclogue vii. ver. 41.

V. 403. *Sage and serene Telemachus replies, &c.*] It is observable that Telemachus swears by the ‘sorrows’ of his father; an expression, in my judgment, very noble, and at the same time full of a filial tenderness. This was an ancient custom amongst the Orientals; as appears from an oath not unlike it in Genesis xxxi. 53: ‘And Jacob swore by the fear of his father Isaac.’

But how is this speech to be understood? for how can Telemachus persuade his mother to marry, when he knows that Ulysses is returned? There is a concealed and an apparent meaning in the expression. Telemachus, observes Eustathius, swears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband; but he means Ulysses. The words therefore are ambiguous; and the ambiguity deceives the suitors; who believe that by this oath Telemachus obliges himself not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

V. 415. *A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd, &c.*] It is in the Greek, 'They laughed with other men's cheeks.' There are many explanations of this passage. Eustathius imagines it to denote a feigned and pretended laughter. Erasmus explains it, 'Non libenter neque ex animo ridere; sed ita ridere quasi non tuis, sed alienis maxillis rideas.' But if we consult the conduct of the suitors, a contrary interpretation will seem to be necessary; for this laughter of the suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. Homer calls it, *ασβεστον*, 'excessive, inextinguished;' and again, *ἦδ' ὑ γέλασαν*, or they laughed 'with joy,' 'suaviter riserunt;' which expressions denote a real and unfeigned laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this construction? Very naturally: they laughed as if they had borrowed their cheeks; as if their cheeks were not their own, and consequently they were not afraid to use them with licence and excess; such persons as the suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.

Horace makes use of the same expression:

'Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis.'

And likewise Valerius:

'Errantesque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu.'

This is the opinion of Dacier: but there are some lines in the Greek that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expression of laughing with other men's cheeks, Homer adds, that their 'eyes flowed with tears,' and 'sorrow seized their souls.' It is true Homer describes the suitors under an alienation of mind, and a sudden distraction occasioned by Minerva: and from hence we may gather the reasons why they are tost by so sudden a transition to contrary passions, from laughter to tears. This moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal excess; persons in such a condition being liable to such vicissitudes.

V. 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to survey!  
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay.*]

This is looked upon as a prodigy: the belief of which was esta-

blished in the old world; and consequently, whether true or false, may be allowed to have a place in poetry. See book xii. note on ver. 464.

In the following speech of Theoclymenus there is a beautiful enthusiasm of poetry. But how are we to understand that Theoclymenus sees these wonders, when they are invisible to all the suitors? Theoclymenus was a prophet; and speaks of things future as present. It is the eye of the prophet that sees these events, and the language of prophecy that speaks of them as present. Thus when he says he sees the palace red with blood, and thronged with ghosts, he anticipates the event; which is verified in the approaching death of the suitors.

Eustathius is of opinion that by the last words of this speech Theoclymenus intends to express an eclipse of the sun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipses happen. Others understand by it the death of the suitors; as when we say the sun is for ever gone down upon the dead: Theocritus uses that expression, *ὄνησκιντι δεδυναιὶν ἥλιον*:

..... *ἥλιον δὲ*  
*Οὐρανὸν ἐξαπολάλε* .....

So far Eustathius. It may be added that the Roman poets used the same expression in this latter signification. Thus Catullus:

‘Nobis, quàm semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.’

V. 456. *To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send.*] It is evident from this passage that the name of Sicily is very ancient: and Eustathius makes the following remark upon it: that the reason why the poet never mentions this word in describing the wanderings of Ulysses which happen chiefly near Sicily, is to make his poetry more surprising and marvellous; and that, the more to countenance those fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the Phæacians, he chooses to speak of it by names less known, and less familiar to his readers. Dacier observes from Bochart, that this island received the name of Sicily from the Phœnicians long before the birth of Homer, or the war of

Troy: Sicily in their language signifies 'perfection;' they called it the 'Isle of Perfection,' because it held the chief rank amongst all the islands in the Mediterranean. 'It is the largest and best island in all our seas,' says Strabo. It has likewise been thought to have taken its name from the Syrian language: namely from Segol, or Segul, a 'raisin:' for long before the vine was known in Afric, Sicily was famous for its vineyards; and thence the Carthaginians imported their raisins and wines. Homer celebrates this island for its wines in the ninth Odyssey,

'Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,  
And Jove descends in each prolific show'r.'

It is likewise probable from this passage, that the Sicilians traded in slaves; for their lands were fertile, and they merchandized for them to manure the ground. I should rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their slaves; the suitors speaking by way of terror to intimidate Theoclymenus: and the expression seems to bear the same import with that concerning Echetus: we will 'send him to Echetus,' or 'the Sicilians, who will use him with the utmost cruelty.'

V.463. *Nigh in her bright alcove the pensive queen.*] The word in the original is διφῆ, and signifies a large seat that would hold two persons, from δι; φερειν.

This circumstance (observes Eustathius) is not inserted in vain: the poet describes Penelope thus seated, that she might see and hear the actions and designs of the suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occasion: now for instance, she perceives their insolence risen to such a height, that she dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herself the prize of the best archer: and this naturally connects the story with the next book.





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